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HOP PLASTER

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March,*

ROLLINS, Administrator on the estate of . Rollins, late of China, in said county, d, having presented his first account of ad-tration of said estate for allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three cessively, prior to the fourth Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be held at Au-and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March,*

. CROSBY, Guardian of Libbeus Tuttle olow, in said county, non compos, having ed his first account of guardianship of said r allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, prior to the fourth Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be held at Augus-show cause, if any, why the same should llowed. EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of 1883.*

RTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the l and testament of Marianna W. Brown, late usta, in said county, deceased, having been ed for probate:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, prior to the fourth Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Au-, and show cause, if any, why the said in-should not be proved, approved and al-s the last will and testament of the said de-EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March,*

RTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the l and testament of Timothy Goldthwait, late chester, in said county, deceased, having been ed for probate:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks ively prior to the fourth Monday of April the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in usta, that all persons interested may attend at of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and use, if any, why the said instrument should proved, approved and allowed, as the last t testament of the said deceased.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Court of Probate, held Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March,*

ALL TITCOMB, Executor and Trustee of the l and testament of Samuel L. Rogers, late of a, in said county, deceased, having present-first account as Executor and Trustee of said r allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, prior to the fourth Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, ow cause, if any, why the same should not be EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held Augusta, on the 4th Monday of March, 1883.*

AH D. MURRAY, widow of Hoyt D. Murray, Windsor, in said county, deceased, having ed her application for allowance out of the l estate of said deceased:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively in the Maine Farmer, printed usta, in said County, that all persons inter-may attend at a Probate Court to be held gusta, on the fourth Monday of April d show cause, if any they have, why the of said petition should not be granted.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

CE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscrib-as been duly appointed Administrator with annexed, of the last will and testament of ANIEL SAWYER, late of Monmouth, in the ec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken ust by giving bond as the law directs:— ecord, therefore, having demands against tate of said deceased are desired to ex-same for settlement; and all indebted to ate are requested to make immediate pay-ISAAC VARNEY.

h 26, 1883. 20*

CE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscrib-has been duly appointed Administrator state of Moses Miller, late of Berwick, County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and ertaken that trust by giving bond as the ects: All persons therefore, having demands the estate of said deceased, are desired to the same for settlement; and all indebted to ate are requested to make immediate pay-GEO. A. MILLER.

h 26, 1883. 20*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held Augusta, on the fourth Monday of March,*

ED. M. BRADBURY, Guardian of William North of s, in said county, minor, having petitioned nse to sell the following real estate of said he proceeds to be placed on interest, viz.: e interest of said ward in the homestead. stable and lot of the late George F. North, on Green street, Augusta:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the fourth Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Court of Probate then to be holden at a, and show cause, if any, why the prayer petition should not be granted.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 20*

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Vol. LI. Augusta, Maine, Thursday Morning, April 26, 1883. Number 23.

Maine Farmer.

Mixed Husbandry.--Corn.

As the season for putting in the seed draws near, our thoughts naturally revert to the subject, and among the most important questions which the farmer at this time has to consider are, the kinds of crops to cultivate and the acreage of each. Of course circumstances have more or less to do with reaching the proper conclusion because much depends upon the character of the soil and its condition, but almost every farmer has more or less land adapted to and in proper condition for several kinds of crops, and the question often comes up, how is it best to divide it up, or what proportions of each of the more important farm crops is it best to put in? Now, we have ever been an advocate of mixed husbandry, believing it best for every farmer, so far as it is practicable, to support his family from the farm, and we have been very much gratified at witnessing a gradual change in the direction here indicated, although the extent to which, in our judgment, it ought to be carried, has not yet been reached. There are still too many farmers who do not sow wheat because they think they can buy western flour cheaper than they can produce it. There is still a larger number especially in this vicinity, who plant little or no corn, depending entirely for this indispensible article of feed and food, upon the western product.

The scarcity of western corn and the consequent higher prices that have ruled during the past winter, will be very likely to stimulate our farmers to put in an unusual acreage this spring, and we sincerely hope such may be the result. It has been demonstrated time and again by careful experimenters, that corn can be produced in this State, take one year with another, for less than sixty cents per bushel, not taking into account the stover which, if properly cured is worth as much as a good crop of hay from the same ground, or from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. In order to raise corn at this figure, certain conditions must be complied with, but none of them are beyond the reach of the average farmer. The land must be put in first rate condition by the use of stable manure and chemical fertilizers in order to secure a large yield per acre, for it requires as much time to plow, harrow, plant and cultivate a poor acre of corn as it does a good one. It should be planted upon land that is measurably free from stumps and rocks so that the cultivator or horse-hoe can be run each way, and the amount of hand labor reduced to the minimum. No farmer, in a fairly good year, should be content with less than sixty bushels to the acre, and from this up to eighty is within the range of possibility with every farmer who has good corn land and complies with the necessary conditions. Good corn land is a sandy or gravelly loam and there are large areas of such land in almost every part of the State. A belt along our extreme northern border is not adapted to corn-culture for reasons which we need not name because everyone understands them.

The past two seasons for corn production in Maine, were not up to the average of the last twenty years. Last year was better than the year before, but in many parts of the State, the corn both yellow and sweet, was ruined by the severe and protracted drouth. But after all, corn in later years, is one of our surest crops, and we do not think farmers should have any hesitancy in putting in the largest area possible, consistent with the general idea of mixed husbandry. There is no farm crop that will quicker and more satisfactorily respond to the application of chemical fertilizers than corn, and if the farmer has an abundance of stable manure, we believe it is always advisable to put superphosphate in the hill to give the young plants a "boom" when they most need it. Its good effects will be seen all through the season, and earlier maturity and the increase of the crop, will richly repay all the extra time and expense in procuring and applying it. Not only is care required in the preparation of the land, but also in the selection of the seed. There are many varieties of yellow corn adapted to our northern climate, several of which are enumerated and briefly described below. Most if not all of them have been on trial in this State for many years, more or less, and each kind has its advocates. We express no preference here, and will only add that whatever the variety selected may be, see to it before planting, that the seed is good. Test its germinating power, if you have not already done so, in the kitchen window or by the fire, and if it will sprout there, it will germinate in the soil of the field. From the kinds here enumerated, other varieties have originated by careful selection which generally bear the name of the person producing them.

Waushakum Corn.—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. This is undoubtedly the most strictly pedigree variety of Indian corn. Originated by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant upon Waushakum Farm, Massachusetts, by careful selection and skillful breeding from selected stock since 1874. The ear is perfect in shape; about 9 inches long, 8-rowed; about 45 kernels to the row; rows straight and even, full from tip to stem; same diameter at both ends. The kernels are very compactly set upon the very small cob and are flinty, dense and heavy; weight, 64 pounds per bushel. The careful breeding and cultivation of this corn on rather poor soil has given it great hardiness, power to withstand drouth, and great yielding capacity on good soils. It often yields 100 bushels, and has gone as high as 123 bushels of shelled corn per acre; the ordinary average yield is about 80 bushels per acre. The stalks are below the average in height and size, but above the average size of flint corns. Nearly every stalk bears an ear, and often 2 and 3 ears. The small stalks permit thicker planting than larger stalked varieties, which is one reason for its great producing capacity. These characteristics are more fixed by careful breeding than those of any other Indian corn.

Dutton, (Yellow Dutton, Early Dutton.)—Yellow Flint. Ears 9 to 10 inches long, 10 to 12 rowed; rows close together; ears uniform, symmetrical, tapering, well filled at both ends. Kernel as broad as deep, bright yellow color, flinty.

Sibley's Pride of the North.—Yellow Dent, 16-rowed. For nothern and middle latitudes. Ear 8 to 10 inches in length, 1⅞ inches in diameter; uniform, slightly tapering. Cob very small, red. In a test on Burr Oaks Farm, 70 pounds of ears, not selected, produced 60¾ pounds shelled corn, and only 9¼ pounds of cobs, instead of 14 pounds of cobs, the usual proportion. The test was made December 15, 1882, and the cobs had not fully dried. The kernels are closely set upon the cob, are above medium size, long, narrow and thin, of a deep orange yellow color, pale yellow at the outer end. Stalks above medium size, 6 to 8 feet high, frequently bearing two ears. It originated in northwestern Iowa, by careful selection and acclimation during six years, and ripened there in 1881, when all other Dent corn in that section failed. It will bear out the claim of being a "90-day Dent." It has ripened in Vermont and other parts of New England where Dent corn heretofore had been an entire failure. It seems well adapted to all sections of the middle and northern regions of corn-growing countries. It has also been planted in the South, and so far as heard from, in most cases resulted satisfactorily. It is not especially recommended for that section, but is deemed worthy of trial. It is very prolific, yielding 60 to 100 bushels per acre.

Longfellow.—Yellow flint; 8-rowed. This variety is "the result of careful selection, in a family of Massachusetts farmers for 45 years." Ears 10 inches long and upwards; some of them 15 inches; 1½ to 1¾ inches in diameter; uniform, cylindrical shape, well filled at both ends. Cob small. Kernel very large; broader than deep. It is claimed that 200 bushels of ears have been raised to the acre in Massachusetts. Adapted to northern and middle sections.

Early Canada.—(Canada Yellow.)—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. Ear small, symmetrical, 7 to 8 inches, tapering from butt to tip; rows separated into pairs at the butt. Cobb small, white. Kernel as broad as deep, compact, flinty, smooth, of a deep yellow color; of superior quality for bread meal. Stalk five or six feet high, slender, leaves scanty, bearing one or two ears near the ground. Matures very early, ripening in August. The yield is light on account of the small size of the ear, but its extreme earliness makes it very desirable for the more northern sections of the corn belt. When planted south of latitude 43 the stalk grows taller, the ears increase in size, the grain ripens later, and, under careful cultivation, the yield increases. These facts strikingly illustrate the wonderful adaptability of Indian Corn, which in passing from its home in the South to more northern regions, decreases in size and improves in yield and nutritive value. Going still farther north, it grows smaller rapidly, ripens much earlier, and changes its habits and characteristics in many ways. The thus metamorphosed northern varieties, on being planted southward again, gradually change back toward the original forms. Adapted to the northern portions of all corn-growing countries, and for a second planting where the first has failed in more southern sections.

Improved King Phillip.—Copper-colored Flint; 8-rowed. Ears 10 to 12 inches long, uniformly 8-rowed when pure. Cob below the average, pinkish white. Kernel copper-red, or brown, varying to yellow. The change from the copper color is an indication of degeneracy. The kernel is large, somewhat broader than deep, smooth, glossy and hard. Stalk 6 feet high and upwards. In favorable seasons ripens in about ninety days. With good cultivation will yield 75 bushels per acre and upwards; yields have been claimed for it of 110 and 120 bushels per acre. It is largely grown in the Northeast and somewhat in the Northwest. Is adapted to all northern corn regions. Said to have originated in New Hampshire.

Compton's Early.—Yellow Flint; 10-rowed. Ears 10 to 12 inches long, and well filled, often two on a stalk. Kernels, bright yellow; medium size. Stalk 8 to 10 feet high.

Golden Dent.—Yellow Dent; 16-rowed. Ears 7 to 9 inches long; 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. Cob small, red. Kernel long and narrow. This is of similar type to Sibley's Pride of the North, but matures later. Stalks tall and leafy. It is of the general type of the smaller-eared varieties of western yellow dent, and is a good standard sort, but in many cases has become degenerated by careless selection (or none,) of seed. Yield, 50 bushels per acre, and upwards; much less with careless selection of seed, and going as high as one hundred bushels under careful selection and the best culture. Adapted to northern and middle sections; not recommended for the extreme North.

Early Eight-Rowed (New England Eight-Rowed, or Yankee.)—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. This is the standard corn of the Northeast, from which many of the 8-rowed yellow-flints have originated by selection and improvement, and there are numerous named local varieties which are really but slight variations from this. Ears 8 to 10 inches long, 1⅛ inches in diameter; 8-rowed, well filled under proper cultivation in good seasons, slightly tapering. Cob white, small, but too large for the ear, and thus spreads the rows into pairs, and makes the kernels broader than deep. Kernel a bright yellow, flinty, dense and heavy, smooth and glossy. Color often intermixed with red, or streaked and spotted, or cop per-colored, and sometimes a clear, bright red. These admixtures, however, do not, or should not occur in the improved strains offered by seedsmen. It matures early and ripens in the extreme North. It yields ordinarily 40 to 60 bushels per acre, and under the best cultivation 70 bushels and upwards.

The initial article in the May number of the *American Naturalist* entitled "Wampum and its History," is one of much interest. The history of the currency used by the Indians, has never been very clearly written and the testimony of early writers is very conflicting. The article in question reviews briefly the early testimony upon the subject, and condenses into a brief paper all that is known about the origin and history of this curious money. It is stated that the old men of the western tribes still hoard all they can get of it, not so much from a miserly greed as from a religious notion that it is the only thing worthy of being offered upon the funeral pyre of a great chief or departed friend, or sent along with their souls into the spirit-land. The entire number of this valuable scientific journal is worthy of careful perusal.

Hop-Culture—A Caution.

The high price of hops during the past year consequent upon the failure of the crop in Europe, has stimulated the industry of hop-raising to such a degree that farmers in the middle and western states are offering and paying, when they can buy them, one dollar per pound for the roots, equivalent to forty dollars per barrel. The great danger is that the business will be largely overdone and will result in ruin to some and in great loss to many. A few years ago, when hops brought fifty to sixty cents per pound, many Maine farmers planted to such an extent that when the price fell off as it almost immediately did to a sum that hardly paid the expense of picking, they plowed up the roots and gave up the business with such an accumulation of debts that not a few of them lost their farms. We trust that this may not be repeated under the present high price excitement. Hops at twenty-five to thirty cents per pound, are a fairly rumunerative crop, but as a paying crop, they are even more uncertain than Kennebec ice. A crop that depends solely for its value upon its failure elsewhere, is necessarily a very uncertain one, and such is the case with hops. Their chief use is to supply the breweries of Great Britain and Germany, and there is only an occasional year when the home supply is not sufficient.

Suppose there should be a short supply of hops in Europe for a year or two to come, and prices should continue as at present, it takes three years from the start to get a crop of hops, and by the time the first profit is realized from the great outlay which the starting of a hop-field involves, the prices are likely to drop so low that great loss if not financial ruin must ensue. The hop industry has ruined many more men than it ever made rich. The outlay necessary to get a field into hops is no small affair. The poles for an acre costs not far from two hundred dollars; the roots cost fifty more at least, and then the dry-house, storeroom, boxes, sacks, heating apparatus and fuel, make up such a bill of expense that the farmer who can put in ten acres, is quite well enough off already, and can do much better than engage in such hazardous business to increase it.

The loss of the use of the ground for two full years is no small item to the average farmer; the land must also be put in first rate condition for corn, and hops are a very exhausting crop. We admit that two or three good crops at present prices, would pay all the cost, great as it is, and leave a good margin of profit. But the chances are largely against realizing such a price. Hops are now worth more than a dollar per pound, a value that is entirely fictitious and dependent solely on the extreme scarcity of the article in the beer drinking countries of Europe. Competition in all departments of business is very sharp—so much so that we need not expect large profits to accrue from any one branch. The apparent exception to this rule in the case of hops, is purely accidental and one which will speedily adjust itself. The prospect may look very flattering at the present time, and those who realized the exhorbitant prices of the past year may hope to do so again, but a reaction must speedily follow and we trust our friends will weigh the subject carefully before extending their operations, or adopting anew, an industry so fluctuating in its remuneration.

The demand for hops in this country is limited, and not to any great extent increasing, and the prices of the product must depend on and be governed by those of other countries where hops are in much larger demand. The price of ice in Maine depends largely upon the amount of ice which forms upon the Hudson River. There is occasionally a good year, but the business is so fluctuating and so uncertain that only a man of large means or a corporation, for obvious reasons, can afford to go into it. Very much like this is hop-culture; hops are worth a dollar a pound now, because the beer-drinking European is ready to pay almost any price for his beverage rather than do without it; next year with a good crop in Europe, there will be no foreign demand for American hops, and the price must fall to almost nothing. Such has been the experience of the past, and if our Maine farmers do not profit by it, the fault will be their own. Possibly the present high prices may prevail another year, and those having hop fields will do well to make the most of them, but any expansion of the industry should be entered upon with extreme caution. So it seems to us.

Going West.

While on the train by the back route recently, between Skowhegan and Danville Junction, we noticed quite a number of young men, nearly thirty in all, who were on their way to the far north west, and who left the cars at Danville Junction, for the Grand Trunk. The conductor informed us that every train going in that direction, contained more or less of these western bound sons of Maine. Some of those we saw had been to the west before and knew just what they were going to, but most of them were young—mere boys—who had never before been out of the State and to whom the western country was an untried and almost unknown region. Reared in pleasant homes where peace and plenty reigned, they little knew of the hardships and privations that await them in the land whither they are bound. Some of them will doubtless succeed there but the road to wealth is by no means an easy one, and where one reaches the goal, many fall even of a competence. We regret that so many of our young men are leaving the State when it offers them such advantages for engaging in remunerative pursuits. We have millions of acres of uncleared lands that should be divided into tens of thousands of farms, where our energetic young men could grapple with the virgin forests, and hew out for themselves and their posterity, pleasant and happy homes. But for this unaccountable disposition to emigrate, by our young men as soon as they reach majority, we might double our wealth and population in a very few years, and take a much higher rank among the sisterhood of States than we now do. We surely wish our young men prosperity wherever they go, but we can but think that they are making a great mistake in leaving a certainty here, a certainty of a comfortable home and a good living among their friends and amid scenes endeared to them by every pleasant association of their lives, for the uncertainties that await every one who engages in the struggle for existence in the great and far off west.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Setting Fruit Trees.

There is no one of the various operations connected with successful orcharding which requires more painstaking care, or is more fruitful of good results in the end, than is that of setting out the trees in the orchard. Indifferent work here is invariably the cause of perplexing delays, and possibly, and perhaps I might say generally, will result in a weakly, stunted, unthrifty tree, if not in its complete loss. In fact the conviction has been forced upon me through a long experience in the care of trees, and has been more and more confirmed in later years, that if a tree does not start well into a vigorous and healthy growth, from defective setting or from a diseased condition of any kind, the sooner it is removed entire and a good tree put in its place the better it will be for the owner. The first cost of a tree is a trifle; the attention, the painstaking care involved in the attempt to revive and re-invigorate a weakly and defective tree will be found many times the cost of a good tree to start anew with. Besides, the delay in the bearing of the tree is a vital matter. Fruit trees are set for the fruit it is expected they will bear. The delay of two, three or more years in the starting into a vigorous growth is a delay of the same number of years more than otherwise would have been the case of coming to a bearing condition, and, what is of greater account still, a loss of just that number of years of fruitage. After all, the greatest loss from bad setting and poor trees is not in the money value of the tree, but is in the delay in securing a bearing condition, and in harvesting the promised fruit. I refer to some instances to illustrate this point. We have transplanted a tree, not a very large tree either, from my nursery to the orchard, and the third year thereafter have picked from it almost a measured bushel of apples which sold for one dollar and a quarter per bushel. In another case I sold several large sized trees to a gentleman in Lewiston, and in five years they were large trees with wide-spreading tops full of fruit. A whole orchard from the same nursery in the town of Green, is now giving the owner bountiful crops of fruit. In these cases delay would have cost something, as it always does.

There is no need of failures, or of vexatious delays, in putting out an orchard. If such are the usual experience of any one this kind it certainly comes from a lack of knowledge, or from negligence on the part of the operator. Good trees, well set out, in a proper soil and situation, and passably well cared for will surely and promptly reward the owner with an abundance of fruit. Such a result is as reasonably certain as any other of our farm operations.

If possible set out the early in the spring before it is time for the buds to start. I do not mean that trees cannot be set late and do passably well, but they will certainly do better set early.

People differ, I suppose honestly, as to the distance apart trees should be set. I have recently seen orchards where the trees were only one rod apart; others twenty feet. If the trees were set out to die the arrangement is a good one. I do not set up my opinion as more worthy of confidence than is the opinion of these other men, yet I know of no solid argument which can be brought forward why here in this State, with cheap land and enough of it for us all, we should attempt to crowd a large number of trees into a small space. I set my trees two rods apart and claimthey should not be less than thirty feet on any account. When from my experience or from observation among the orchards, I am convinced that the close setting is the better way I shall be pleased to acknowledge my error. A tree and the fruit it bears, needs a free circulation of air around it, and it needs light and sunshine to perfect its growth. The owner, too, needs room to work around it, to cart in mulching and manure, and to pick and cart out the fruit. I have an orchard set twenty years ago which now affords no more room than is needed for the purposes indicated, and the trees are not large either. The number of trees on a given area is not the measure of success—the fruit is the final object.

If the land is old tillage the holes should be dug, at least four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep however small the roots of the tree may be. If the trees are of large size, and wide-spreading roots as many of our home nursery trees are, the hole must be proportionately larger. When a tree is taken up in the nursery the extremities of the roots are cut off or broken off in the removal. When it starts into growth at once a large number of fine rootlets start out from the extremity where cut off. It is not sufficient that the hole be barely large enough for the roots of a tree to be placed in position. When these fine rootlets and fibers of the tree start out for growth and for nourishment for the support of the tree they need and must have a mellow bed to work in. The tree will be checked in its growth and become stunted if this condition is not secured. If the trees are set in new land or in pastures never plowed, where the soil has never been packed by cultivation, there will not be the necessity for care as in old fields. A passable success even, may follow indifferent work in this respect.

A good tree is cheap at any price, and a poor tree can bear no comparison of value with it. What though you may finally make a good tree from the poor one, the time required is a delay of just so many years of bearing fruit. So look out for good trees at once. If you are taken from a Maine nursery, don't spare a few cents additional cost to have them carefully taken up and with the principal parts of the roots left on no matter if they do spread wide. In transporting to the place for setting allow just as little exposure to drying winds and scorching sun as possible; and the less time intervening between the lifting and the setting the better. If these directions have been followed you have only to smooth out the extremities of the broken roots, cut out the superfluous branches, when it will be ready to set. I have tried the cutting back of the branches as recommended by many orchardists, on trees from my own nurseries, and invariably it has proved an injury, as compared with trees not thus treated. The leaves are as essential to the roots as the roots are to the branches. With trees which have been boxed and shipped here from other States, with great, long, thrifty shoots, and with roots cut off well up to the collar for convenience of packing, the case will be different, and the treatment must be different all through. These must be cut back and you must take the consequences because you can do no better.

In setting the tree there should be no hurrying. Pulverize the earth thoroughly with which the hole is filled and take extreme care that all the interstices around and among the roots are packed full, and that the earth is firmly pressed down. The tree should be set no deeper than it stood in the nursery. You may smother a tree by burying its roots deeply as surely as you will a kernel of wheat or corn, only it will be longer dying. If fertilizing is necessary at time of setting use sparingly for Maine trees, of fine old compost, and more liberally for New York trees, but do not put it in contact with the roots unless thoroughly mixed with the soil. A good practice is to spread it near the surface with a sprinkling of earth over it. If the soil has been properly firmed and the tree is not over large there will be little danger of displacement by the wind; but to make all sure, place two stones the size of a man's head upon the ground close to the trunk of the tree.

In the after treatment, with Maine grown trees, it is not necessary that they receive that "high cultivation" that is trumpeted abroad as the necessary thing which was omitted when a failure has been met. The land for three or four years should be kept under the plow and the trees kept hoed or mulched, or better still a little of both. Only the ordinary conditions of good culture such as is given in the growing of ordinary field crops is all that is required to secure a satisfactory growth. It may be possible to secure thrift with the land kept in grass but it will be done at a greater cost.

With New York trees the case is in a measure different. They have been more rapidly grown, have been deprived of a larger part of their root support, and require richer land and more careful culture to maintain and continue a healthy growth. If they do not receive it they become stunted and "sickly," and finally die off. Those who plant this class of stock must govern themselves accordingly or take the consequences.

Dr. N. T. True of Bethel, several years since, in a letter read before the State Pomological Society, related the extreme care he had just taken in planting out an orchard; and he received some criticism as being over particular in his work. Last winter he reported progress, and stated that two of the trees only had failed—one broken down by accident, and the other proved to have been a bad tree when set. All the others have now been top grafted, and are in a healthy and thrifty condition, and beginning to bear fruit. The slight extra cost of care in setting has been far more than cancelled by the certainty of the results attained. We can all secure more of certainty when we take the course that leads to it.

Z. A. GILBERT.

For the Maine Farmer.

Among the Farmers in W. Kennebec.

Mr. A. E. Shores of Waterville, one of the leading stock farmers of that town, has a good farm pleasantly located, about midway between Waterville and Oakland villages. He winters from 15 to 20 head of cattle, and about 100 sheep. Has been making a specialty of raising nice steers. At the time of my call last January, he had a tie-up full of last spring calves, 13 head, 9 steers and 3 heifers, which I considered a very even and extra good lot of young cattle to find on one farm. He also had one pair each of handsome, nicely matched yearlings, and three year olds. The Hereford blood predominates in his stock, but many of the animals show a mixture of the Durham. His sheep are mostly coarse wool or middle wools, but he has a few Merinoes. Mr. Shores has been paying some attention to orcharding, and has a valuable young orchard just coming into good bearing, besides some thrifty looking trees of a smaller growth.

Mr. W. P. Cummings, with whom I spent the night at Lakeside, has a farm of 175 acres, and cuts about 60 tons of hay. He keeps a dairy of grade Jerseys, and makes a specialty of butter making. He also keeps a flock of about 100 grade Merino sheep, which he is breeding to a buck from the flock of E. Lawrence, Fairfield Center.

At Belgrade a pleasant home for the night was found with Mr. G. W. Robinson, at whose house the FARMER man always finds a welcome. He has a farm of 200 acres, keeps from 12 to 15 head of cattle, and from 75 to 100 sheep. He intends to make a specialty of orcharding, and now has upwards of 800 trees on the farm; one young orchard of 300 trees is particularly noticeable for its thrifty appearance, and he has already sold 75 barrels from it in one season. Mr. Robinson's buildings are located on the height of land from which a very pretty view of the surrounding country, including ponds, is obtained.

I passed a very pleasant dinner hour with Mr. Jos. Hersom, one of the progressive farmers of the town. Mr. Hersom and brother have a farm of 300 acres, about 75 of which are in wood. Their stock consisted of about 20 head of cattle and 100 sheep. Among the cattle were one pair of three years old steers, three pairs of two years old steers, and two pairs of steer calves. I also noticed a thoroughbred Durham bull, two years old this spring, a well made animal that cannot fail to make an improvement in their stock. Their sheep are not fine wools but they have commenced to breed them to Merino bucks, believing that Merinoes and their grade will be more profitable. Among their usual crops are three acres of corn, three acres of wheat, and two of potatoes. They have the early Ohio potato, and speak very highly of it. They have been using superphosphate with very satisfactory results. Mr. Herson thinks he should pay twice the present cost of it for a small amount, if he could not get it without. He prefers Bradley's to any other that he has used.

At Readfield, I enjoyed a chat with Mr. J. C. Sanford, an intelligent young farmer who is making a specialty of dairying. He has a fine herd of grade Jerseys. He informed me that the 8 cows in milk at the time, made an average of 6 lbs. of butter per day during the first half of the month of February. From 7 cows, last year, he made 1575 lbs. of butter, and 300 lbs. of cheese, besides having milk to use in two families. His average profit per cow was $90. Mr. Sanford is also considerably interested in orcharding and has several hundred young trees on his farm. He intends to set more and trees he knows will be found among trees on which he can obtain some good Maine grown trees.

Mr. J. O. Butman, another of the Readfield dairy farmers showed me a herd of 7 cows that had come in different times since May, 1882, that were making 6½ lbs. of butter per day. Neither Mr. Butman nor Mr. Sanford keep all dairy stock, as each have a good flock of coarse wool sheep.

Mr. S. Packard of Readfield is making a specialty of raising steers. He keeps some 10 head of cattle, Herefords and Durham grades. I noticed among them 7 two year old steers, all of his own raising, a very good lot. When at the farm of N. G. Lyford, No. Belgrade, I noticed his grade Durham stock, and thrifty looking young orchard of 400 or 500 trees. Mr. Ellis of the same place showed me several pairs of good size well made oxen and a high grade Hereford bull two years this spring, a nice looking animal. Mr. H. O. Frost, Belgrade, had the best pair of large oxen that I noticed in that part of the county. They were Durhams, nicely built, girting 7⅚ feet.

ELLIS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Stick to Agriculture.

I never take up the old FARMER without finding interesting articles in its columns, or some reading matter that imparts valuable information or leads to reflections. Such was the article from your correspondent at Orchard Mill, in the FARMER of March 29th.

Within the past few years nearly all the sons and daughters of our farmers, as soon as they are of sufficient age to live out, leave the old homestead and go to the cities or large villages, to seek, what they consider lighter or more remunerative employment than working on the farm. They are quite certain to find employment in some of our large manufacturing establishments, and for the time being receive higher wages than they could make by farming. But they do not reflect that the expenses of living in large places are much heavier than in the farming towns, and but very few are enabled to lay by their earnings, and at the end of a year of close confinement in unventilated manufactories find themselves no better off in this world's goods than at its commencement, and perhaps have to leave with broken constitutions and impaired health, which they might have retained if they had continued in the free, healthy atmosphere of their country homes.

One or two dollars a day seem a large compensation to boys and girls, but when they reflect that four or five dollars a week has to be paid for board and lodging, such as they would hardly be willing to put up with at home, or ten to fifteen dollars a month for a small tenement, with perhaps half a dozen other tenants in the same building, with many other inconveniences and expenses not realized by those residing in the country, they will find that their savings at the end of a year are rather small.

A farmer, past the meridian of life, who has a family of boys and girls in one of these establishments, remarked a few days since that when he was a young man and hired out for ten dollars a month on a farm he could lay up seventy-five dollars or more every year, while at the present time his girls and boys were receiving thirty dollars or more monthly and found it hard work to pay their bills. Now, some farmer's boys and girls may ask why this is so? Let them try city life for a year, and they will learn themselves. Not only the expense of living is much heavier in large places than it is in the country, but the inducement to spend money is much greater. They will find that to keep up a good standing with their comrades, they will have to dress more expensively, visit all places of amusement, balls, parties etc., and that their horse hire and excursion bills will make a big hole in their savings.

To a farmer, who thinks himself and family are working hard on the farm for a living, thirty to fifty dollars a month seems a large compensation for his children to receive in a manufacturing establishment, and so it would be if they had no more inducements to spend their earnings than they have in a farming community, but they will find when they have located themselves in a city or large village, that when they are among Romans they must do as Romans do, and if they do not live up to the extravagant style of their companions, and spend their money freely, will soon be tabooed as mean, stingy, country-raised people.

Perhaps some young girls who leave the old homestead in the country to seek employment in cities, where young men are more numerous, may think their chances for a matrimonial alliance is enhanced, but as they are fresh from school, and have had but slight experience in house-keeping, and are no more fitted for house-wives than their husbands are for supporting them, they will be very likely, within a year or two to find their names in the court reports, as among the divorced, when they will find it a happy refuge to get back to the old farm in the country.

The above may seem a fancy sketch to young people, and a look on the dark side of the picture, nevertheless it is one too often realized by those seeking a city life. If there were farming lands enough in Maine to afford farms for our young farmers, they would be much more likely to lay up a competency for old age by going south or west than they would by making slaves of themselves by laboring for corporations in our large places. T. S. M.

Brunswick.

For the Maine Farmer.

Apples—Old and New.

Perhaps I had better hold my tongue, or rather my pen, but the recent appearance in the columns of the FARMER of two articles on the fruit topic that is perhaps uppermost in my mind, proves too great an irritant, and I must say something. I think Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. McLellan's articles are in the main judicious, and if taken together and heeded by fruit growers, they will be the means of saving from much loss and dissapointment. Yet I think something more ought to have been said and perhaps some statements modified.

Mr. Gilbert's advice is intended for the main apple growing region of the State, and it is undoubtedly true that the Baldwin is at the head of the list for profit in that region, and the safest kind for a beginner to plant or graft so far as we now know, but with this important exception, the necessity of which is so clearly brought out by the communication from Brunswick, that there are districts within the apple growing region where all attempts to grow Baldwins would end in disastrous failure. That

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, April 26, 1883.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Lincoln County during April.

MR. H. G. ELLIS will call upon our subscribers in East Kennebec during April.

Inhumanity.

It is a real tribute to the best instincts of human nature that the public are appalled at the abuses unearthed during the investigations of the Tewksbury alms house. It is but one solitary and glaring case; but the inquiry is raised, how is it with the thousands of alms houses scattered all over this broad land of ours? If an investigation were necessary for this one institution, are others so well conducted as to be above suspicion? Where is the society, church, or organization that takes a special interest in the pauper class? Besides the official visits of the duly appointed officers, but few darken the doors of the alms houses. For instance, to bring the matter right home, who of our citizens know anything about the sanitary condition of the Augusta alms house? They indeed know there is such a place, and in their rides for pleasure the broad acres of the farm connected therewith may have stretched out before them. But as far as any knowledge of its internal affairs are concerned they are entirely deficient. And yet we were told the other day by one of the overseers that it would be about the last place in which he would have a friend make his home. The rooms are old, musty, dirty, unattractive every way. The management no doubt has been kindly; the inmates have had enough to eat, and been properly clothed; but yet the fact remains that the home of the poor of the capital city of Maine has scarcely a single feature of a home, and two thousand dollars ought to be expended on the dwelling house at once. So we doubt not it is with many of the homes provided for the poor and unfortunate throughout the country.

We hail these investigations in the interests of true humanity. Investigations into the affairs of our public institutions are not made any too often. Since the abuses practiced at the State Reform School were held up to the public gaze, there has been a marked improvement in the conduct of that institution. Boys are not now thrown across the yard and the breath knocked out of them; they are not put into a stooping posture, to remain until the brain reels, and the eyeballs are ready to burst; their little limbs are not now loaded down with heavy chains; nor are the mouths of the boys filled with red pepper, if they are caught fibbing. Investigation did a grand thing for the Maine Reform School.

However much Butler may be called a humbug, and accuse him of laying his pipes for the Presidential nomination, let us thank him for bringing to light the hidden enormities at Tewksbury. Besides these abuses, the horrors of the workhouse, so graphically delineated by the master hand of Dickens, would seem to rest upon solid ground and to be entirely reasonable. We did not believe them when a boy, but we believe them now. If there are no inquisitorial implements of torture in them, there are atrocities no less outrageous than the thumbscrew and similar devices of cruelty. The brush of Hogarth and the pen of Dickens never had more stimulating material to work with and upon than the Tewksbury alms house. Our American novelists have been criticised for sensational tendencies in their plots; but now it appears that within an hour's ride of polite Boston (that recently welcomed, wined and dined a prize-fighter) and cultured Cambridge, has long stood and festered an institution so devoured with the writhing, crawling, squirming maggots of inhumanity, that what the Bastile or the Tower of London is to common prisons, and what the inquisition is to trial by torture, that will Tewksbury be henceforth to charitable institutions.

We are prone to forget the poor, the out cast, and the unfortunate. "Rattle his bones over the stones, he's naught but a pauper whom nobody owns," represents a too universal sentiment. Though we may cry over Will Carleton's touching lines, "Over the hill to the poor house," they have been found terribly real in human experience. Children have turned the cold shoulder on the mother who bore them; brothers have sent to charity's cold hearthstone the playmates of their earlier days. We were informed the other day by the public prints that a certain lady of great beauty, wealth and accomplishments, was about to make a protracted and expensive trip to Europe. Farewell suppers are given, and warm goodbyes said. But the father of this accomplished lady lingers in the poor house, and is an object of public charity. And our point is, that when these unfortunate ones, who have become unfortunate through the accidents of life, are neglected and forgotten by even their own relatives, and become wrecked and stranded in these public institutions, cared for by those who have not a particle of interest in them, abuses of the most flagrant character are liable to spring up. The reform demanded is common to all classes of unfortunates who are subject to surveillance and are maintained at public expense, whether for crime or indigence, and whether imbecile, insane, old or young. Wherever institutions, penal, reformatory, or charitable, are formed, there may be found strong temptation to abuse; and he is the truest and best citizen whose instincts are on the side of the unfortunate classes, and is willing that the light of day shall be let in upon the workings of these institutions.

STATE COLLEGE. A special meeting of the Trustees of the State College was held at the Institution on Tuesday, to consider especially the matter of building a workshop. Six members of the board were present. It was voted that the Executive committees of the Trustees, together with the President, locate, construct for the building and superintend the erection of a workshop, as contemplated in the appropriation of the last legislature. The committee will act at once for proposals, and will aim to keep strictly within the limits of the appropriation. Everything was found in good shape at the farm, and the spring opens hopefully. The stock wintered splendidly, and is in excellent condition.

The Governor has nominated Charles B. Rounds for Municipal Judge of Calais; also renominated Judge Charles W. Walton of Auburn for Supreme Judge, and Luther G. Philbrook for Trustee of Normal Schools.

Another venerable and respected subscriber to the FARMER has "gone the way of all the earth." Mr. Albert Leavitt, formerly of Augusta, where he was well known and highly esteemed, died at his home in Pittsfield, on the 18th.

Twelve wills were probated at the probate court on Monday, something almost unprecedented in the history of the county, and showing the unusual fatality of the last few months.

VITAL STATISTICS. In 1873, it will be remembered that the legislature passed a resolve in relation to the collection and publication of industrial statistics, and under its provisions a volume was compiled and published entitled "Wealth and Industry of Maine." While it contained much valuable information, it had the appearance of attempting too much, and failed in several important particulars. So the legislature of 1874 neglected to make any appropriation to carry the provisions of the resolve into effect, nor has any been made until the past winter. Gov. Roble, in his inaugural address, called the attention of the legislature to the important matter of gathering statistics, and a small appropriation was made to carry into effect the provisions of the resolve of 1873.

The Secretary of State, Hon. Joseph O. Smith, has set himself about the task of gathering statistics, and will send out blanks to assessors about the 15th of May. The design is to get the best possible data obtainable, and compile a moderate sized volume, showing the financial standing of the State, as also the financial condition of each county, city, town and plantation; also, as complete a compilation as possible of all branches of industrial interests, including agriculture, manufactures of all kinds, lumbering, quarrying, mining, etc. The agricultural statistics asked for will include number of acres under cultivation, including grass land, pasturage, forest, etc.; number of farms, number of land owners and farm laborers, value of farms and farm property; estimated number of tons of hay raised in town in 1882, estimated number of tons of hay sold and shipped in 1882; estimated number of bushels of potatoes raised in town in 1882, estimated number of bushels of potatoes sold and shipped in 1882; number of horses, colts, oxen, young cattle, sheep, swine, mules, and horses sold annually, neat cattle sold annually, and their value.

The manufacturing statistics include the name of party, company, or corporation, the line or branch of business pursued, capital invested and hands employed. The assistance of assessors in this important work is asked. Unless they shall take hold in earnest, the work will be a failure. The law requires them to furnish the statistics called for as completely and promptly as practicable. We trust they may see the importance of this work and each contribute towards its success.

SURPRISING REVELATIONS. During the investigations of the dynamite conspiracy at London, one of the prisoners, Norman, turned informer, and made some surprising revelations. He testified that his real name was William Joseph Lynch, and that he was born of Irish parents, in the state of New York. He worked in October last at a coach builder's in Brooklyn; at that time he joined a secret society in New York, the object of which was to free Ireland by force; the members went by numbers. There were other associated clubs; the managers of the clubs were known as district members. They were not known to each other by name. Members were selected to go on missions. He was sent to Dr. Thomas Gallagher, another of the prisoners, who lived on Manhattan avenue, at Greenpoint, Long Island. Gallagher told him he was to go to London. He would know what for when he got there. Gallagher gave him $50, and told him to take steerage passage in the steamer Spain, under the name of Norman. Gallagher gave him $100 more and told him to go to London and inquire at the American Exchange for a letter addressed to him. Lynch did not want to go, as he had relatives to support, but finally went. Gallagher gave him a small box. He examined it on the steamer, and finding it contained a spring which worked by pressure, he became alarmed and threw it into the sea.

Lynch reached London on March 22. He met Gallagher in London the 27th or 28th. They walked past the scene of the Westminister explosion. On his asking Gallagher if "that's what we are going to do?" the latter answered, "Yes." Gallagher viewed the houses of Parliament, and said, "They will make a great crash when they come down."

Lynch deposed to further statements of Gallagher as to what destruction was to be wrought. He said he inferred from the talk of his co-conspirators that O'Donovan Rossa was in the scheme. Rossa was referred to as the "old man." Lynch also testified that he went to Birmingham to see Whitehead, at Gallagher's request, for some material." Gallagher gave him money to buy a presentable trunk in which to put the stuff he was to get from Whitehead. Whitehead put him in the way of getting the India rubber bags. Lynch confirmed all the evidence submitted at the hearing last Thursday as to Gallagher having called for him at Fletcher. He said that when Whitehead was loading the nitro-glycerine into the rubber bags he said that within an hour's ride of Boston (and that when Whitehead also told him he would soon know what the liquid was. Lynch further testified that Gallagher met him when he returned to London from Birmingham with the nitro-glycerine. He had never seen any of the persons before except Gallagher and Whitehead.

Lynch fainted while his deposition was being read over, and had to be removed from the court room.

O'Donovan Rossa and other Irishmen in New York claim not to know Lynch or Gallagher. One prominent Irishman says the person who went to Ireland with Gallagher, has not yet been arrested. The residence of Gallagher at Green Point is partly unoccupied. The house appears to be guarded night and day.

POACHERS. Detective Wormell of Bethel, has recently captured some twenty-two moose and deer poachers in the vicinity of Moosehead lake. Some of these men were famous hunters in that region who made a very handsome thing out of their spoils. Some of them kill as many as fifty or sixty moose out of season, and, from the sales of the hides for moccasins, and the meat for edible purposes, they realize a large sum. Mr. Wormell went direct to the camps. One of his comrades played sick, and thus learned how a large quantity of moose-meat and hides was to be moved out of the reach of those confounded officers who were coming to catch them. In the middle of the night the signal was given, and over the hard crust of the snow the poachers were tracked and caught. Then Mr. Wormell went to Patten and thence into the wilderness. He says no one can imagine the quantity of moose and caribou he saw. It was wicked to kill them, for not one of the females was in condition, and the hunters were simply pursuing a system of extermination by shooting the animals during close-time. Nobody has any idea of the people engaged in poaching. Men of position and influence who would scorn to wrong a neighbor a cent, see no harm in breaking the laws in regard to game.

TRIP TO EUROPE. Miss Morgan, the accomplished Principal of the Portsmouth School for Young Ladies, has issued her programme for another vacation trip to Europe the ensuing summer. The tour will occupy eighty-one days, and the principal points of interest to tourists in the old world will be visited. The party will be very select, and leave New York in the Red Star steamer "Waesland," the largest ship of that line, on the 23d of June. Miss Morgan will be accompanied by Miles. Gangloff, an eminent teacher of the French language, born and educated in Paris. The high character of these ladies and their success in previous trips, is a sure guarantee that young ladies committed to their charge will be in careful hands. The itinerary is an interesting one, and the opportunity for ladies to travel in Europe is rare and excellent, and cannot fail to be one of enjoyment and profit, as the previous trip was to those who joined it from this region. Details may be ascertained on application to Miss A. C. Morgan, Portsmouth, N. H.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Thursday, successfully passed through a very delicate surgical operation in Boston, which was a result of a wound received in the war of the rebellion. The operation was performed by Dr. Joseph H. Warren, M. D. He was assisted by two eminent physicians, and anæsthetics were administered. At 8 o'clock Thursday evening Gen. Chamberlain had rallied from the effects of the operation and the ether, and Dr. Warren reports that all indications point to the General's speedy recovery.

On Fast day afternoon, the Academy nine, at Fryeburg, had a game of base ball with a picked nine of Fryeburg, on the ground back of the Academy. The game resulted with 40 scores for the Academy nine and 31 for the Fryeburg.

Robie Rowe, son of Robert Rowe of Richmond, aged 16, was drowned Saturday forenoon, by the upsetting of a sailboat. George Getchell, his companion, was rescued by a brother of the drowned boy. A diver is searching for the body.

E. P. Mayo, of the Somerset *Reporter*, returned home from Florida, yesterday, completely restored to health, we are glad to say.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS. Tolman Brothers, Union, last season fitted up a cider mill 30x40 feet, two stories, with basement. The mill is run by a ten horse power Baxter Portable engine. The grinder is done with a Boomer and Boschest grater, capable of grinding from one to three hundred bushels per hour. The pressing is done by a press manufactured by the same firm, of 125 tons pressure, capable of pressing out from 40 to 50 barrels of cider in a day of 10 hours. The pomace is laid up in cloths, Clark's Patent Pomace Holder being used. The intention of the Tolman Brothers is to do custom work and manufacture pure cider vinegar for the market.

Wingate, Simmons & Co., have run a carriage shop at Union, Knox County, for nearly thirty years, manufacturing all grades of carriages from common riding and express wagons, to the nicest top carriages in the market, also hearses of all grades. Their reputation is A, No. 1, not only at home, but in all parts of the country. A large part of their work is on orders from the South and West, also from the British Provinces. For some years past they have been unable to fill all their orders. In order to meet the increased demand for their work, additional members have been taken into the firm, the design being to about double the working capacity of their shops.

Frank Pullen, Union, has recently built a mill on a small stream a mile or two from the village, with circular board saw, cylinder stave saw, shingle machine, and header for fitting lime cask heads, all first class machinery.

The water power at South Union, on which are located Brown Brothers' organ manufactory, Marston Brothers' furniture and casket manufactory, S. W. Jones' iron foundry, G. H. Jones' machine shop, and a saw mill, has not failed for a single day during the severe drought of the past fall and winter.

SENSATION OFF HALIFAX. An evening paper of Halifax, N. S., publishes the following: An American fishing schooner arrived off the port on Saturday evening, and attracted attention by displaying unusual signals. She proceeded in as far as the York redoubt and holding off and on during the night, was a mystery to the men at the military signal stations. Then she came to anchor immediately off Point Pleasant, and after daylight her name was found to be Alsilia. Some of her crew came ashore in a boat and were loafing about the point.

They told some of the engineers stationed at the forts there that they were looking for bait. While the schooner was off late Saturday evening, the guard at Point Battery were aroused by a ferryman from Northwest Arm boat house, who reported that the grass by the shore was on fire, and there was danger of the fire spreading around and into the battery. A corporal and five men were sent and successfully extinguished it. It was supposed to have been set on fire by a careless match from some loafing smoker, but others said that it had been set on fire by a boat's crew from the schooner, and might have been a signal.

It is a coincidence that two or three other American schooners had been at anchor up the arm for some time previously, and on Sunday afternoon one of them came around to the city. Heavy guns were heard firing in the direction of the point on noon Sunday, and were supposed to be from some of the forts there, as if for ball practice, but this was not acknowledged by the guards. The Alsilia disappeared Sunday night without reporting herself.

THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT. We have already announced that the Hallowell Granite Company has secured the contract for building the monument at Yorktown. The sum to be paid is $66,752, the work is to be completed October 18, 1884, the anniversary of the surrender, and the contractors give bonds of $20,000 for the satisfactory completion of the work. The monument is to be built of the granite, will be 97 feet 2 inches in height, and will be crowned with an allegorical figure 13 feet high. The inscription contains 1488 letters, with polished faces, raised one inch. The sculptor's work, including the allegorical figure crowning the monument, the alti-relievi of thirteen figures surrounding the drum, the capital shield and palm, bands and stars on shaft and the four bas reliefs, one on each tympanum of the die, is to be done by skilled men after models approved by the Monumental Commission. The drum bearing the figures in relief will be two courses in height. The crowning figure and the drum will be of the statuary granite of Westerly, R. I. The remainder of the monument is of light colored granite. The inscription on the front of the die will give the facts of the surrender on October 19, 1781, after a seige of nineteen days. The rear inscription will state that the monument is erected in pursuance of a resolution of Congress adopted in 1781, and an act of Congress approved June 7, 1880. On one of the sides will be a statement as to the alliance with France in 1778; and on the other side the inscription records the provisional articles of peace concluded Nov. 30, 1782, and the definitive treaty of peace concluded Sept. 3, 1783, between the United States of America and George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland. The drum will bear the following: "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny." Work upon the monument is to begin at once.

THE ALMATIA HEAL CASE. Our readers are familiar with this case at Lincolnville. The coroner's jury has recently had an investigation of the affair, Prof. Carmichael, who analyzed the stomach of Miss Heal, found two-thirds of a grain of strychnine, a sufficient amount to cause death. The arsenic was found in a tin box carefully wrapped in two papers. Dr. Johnson said that on Saturday morning last he discovered in the bottom of the tin box, outside the papers, a small quantity of a different powder, which he analyzed and found to be strychnine. The inference is that the paper of arsenic had been placed in a box that once contained strychnine. Dr. Brown testified that the girl had been dead three hours before he was called. James Heal, the father of the girl, said his visit to the asylum in Augusta; when referring to the death of her daughter she said: "I did not poison her, she poisoned herself if she was poisoned," and concluded by saying "that the contents were some where about the old chamber." In reply to a question by County Attorney Wallace, Mr. Heal said—"Almatia remained on the lounge until about ten when she went to bed; my wife went up stairs with her; my wife offered her some camomile tea, but she did not drink it; Almatia complained that the old cider which she drank intoxicated her; she was trying to vomit, but couldn't; my wife and I went to bed; first I heard of Almatia after this was when she cried out—'Oh, I'm dying, come up and I will tell you where my porte monnaie is;' she was in agony when I went up; never knew of any poison to be kept about the house; had some cider four weeks old in an old liquor barrel." The jury returned a verdict that the girl came to her death by poison. It is not known whether the case will be brought to the grand jury.

THE POCASSET MURDERER. Freeman, the man who in a fit of frenzy murdered his little child Edith, at Pocasset, Mass., some four years ago, and who was subsequently committed to the asylum at Danvers, is now considered perfectly sane. For some time he has been under merely nominal restraint, being allowed to travel about with a single attendant, pay visits to friends, etc., and there have been no symptoms of a return of his malady. There is an indictment for murder pending against him in the supreme court, and his case will come up at the term which begins May 1st at Barnstable. Freeman, at the time of the murder, said he was inspired and commanded by the Lord to offer up his child as a sacrifice. He has now no recollection whatever of having committed the crime, and says his inspiration must have come from the devil. There is much speculation as to the final disposition of the case, but it looks at present as if all that could be done is to release him on his own recognizance.

At midnight Monday, fire broke out in the shovel handle factory of Turner & Son on Main street, Dexter, and spreading rapidly involved the hardward store of N. Dusten & Co., the store house of the same firm and a three-story building on the south owned by Charles Bassett. All were destroyed. Turner & Son lost all their machinery and stock, valued at $3000, with no insurance. Dusten & Co., lost four buildings and stock and valuable patterns. Their total loss is $10,000; insurance about $7000. Bassett loses $1000; insurance $500. The Dexter woolen mills lose patterns worth $1500; no insurance. A. Abbott & Co. lose $300 in patterns; no insurance.

A hearing has been had before the Governor and Council relative to the appointment of special constables to enforce the liquor law in Kennebec county. No appointment has yet been made.

THE WILD WINDS. A Wesson, Miss., despatch says a frightful cyclone passed over Wesson, and Beauregard, a mile above, about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The wind for three days had been blowing a gale. The approach of the storm was made known some minutes beforehand by deep rumbling sounds, windows in dwellings shaking with violence, and many intelligent people thought it an earthquake. Thunder roared and lightning flashed with alarming force and vividness. Fences were torn down, trees uprooted and cast hundred of yards away. East of the railroad in Wesson the damage was light, but in the western portion of the town the destruction was awful. As soon as the storm somewhat abated and the people began to look about, the church bells rang out. People were seen running in all directions toward West Wesson. The rain was pouring in torrents. In Pench Orchard street an indescribable scene was witnessed. This street was lined with a large number of houses, in which operatives of the Mississippi mills are domiciled, and here the greatest destruction occurred. People were seen on all sides sobbing, and the groans of the wounded beneath the ruins were appalling. Dwellings were torn to atoms, and a pine forest just beyond was blown out of existence. The work of removing the dead and extricating the wounded from the ruins then began. One man died from excitement. Doctors were soon upon the scene and did all in their power to relieve the suffering wounded. They estimate the number killed at twelve, and two or three children are missing. One hundred and fifty or 200 dwellings were blown down. The number of people with broken limbs is estimated by the physicians at 65. They were removed as fast as possible to houses which had escaped injury. Several dead lay out in the rain more than an hour after the storm. The dead were laid out, and coffins made for them.

At Beauregard the scene is absolutely appalling. Beauregard is a mass of ruins. Not a house is standing in the place. The dead, dying and wounded have been brought to Wesson. The list of dead and wounded comprised five killed, eight fatally and thirteen severely injured. Another special says fifteen persons were killed at Beauregard.

At Americus, Ga., 25 people were killed; farm crops ruined. From those sections of the Mississippi visited by the cyclone it is reported that 83 persons were killed and 300 wounded. The loss of property is unprecedented.

A cyclone passed over Eastman Ga., early Monday morning doing great damage. The house of John Register was blown down and his two children killed. Samuel Harris' house was demolished and his wife and children badly injured. Almost $10,000 damage was done at Chattanooga. The cyclone was terrible through Southern Georgia. Loss of life, farm houses, residences, cattle and produce, is very great. On the Natchez and Columbus Railroad the town of Tilliman is destroyed and several people killed and wounded. On the Vicksburg and Meridan Railroad the town of Lawrence suffered terribly. Reports from other places and from the county show that the storm was widespread and destructive.

A DECENNIAL ANNIVERSARY. Odd Fellowship is well represented in Augusta, by Asylum Lodge, that comprises in its ranks some of the best working material among the young men of the city. Having reached its tenth year, that anniversary was celebrated on Wednesday evening last, by a large gathering of the order and invited guests at Meonian Hall. Mr. A. J. Cameron called the meeting to order, and in a neat speech, nominated Mr, J. S. Hobbs, (a charter member of the lodge,) as chairman, who accepted in a graceful speech. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. G. Sargent. An address on the subject of Odd Fellowship, was then made by Rev. Thomas Tyrie of Auburn, Right Worthy Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of Maine. He first presented the advantages of the order in a pecuniary point of view, as being an organization that cared for the sick and distressed, standing between each brother and the poor house and the pauper's grave. Secondly he presented its moral and social qualities, and effectually answered the silly objections that were raised against it because it is a secret organization. Mr. Tyrie is a fine speaker, and presents his views clearly and pointedly. Pullen's Full Orchestra furnished charming music between the different parts. From Meonian Hall, the company adjourned to Union Hall, where the table had been spread by the Cony Brothers for nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen. After supper occurred the literary exercises, with Wm. R. Smith, Esq., as master of ceremonies, and if ever such a place was better filled it has failed to come to our notice. Mr. R. B. Capen gave a most interesting report of the work of the past ten years, and the steady progress of the lodge from a small beginning until it had reached a membership of two hundred. Speeches followed by Mayor Philbrook and others, and at a late hour the meeting closed, all feeling that Asylum lodge is a worthy fraction of the grand brotherhood of half a million that are working for the good of humanity.

A VERY INTERESTING CASE has just been tried and decided at the Superior Court in this city. It is the first action ever brought in this county under the law of 1872, and indeed we think the cases must be rare in the State. The law referred to provides, in brief, that if any one sells or gives away intoxicating liquor to a person who in consequence thereof gets drunk, abuses his family, or commits any other misdemeanor, damages may be brought against the person selling him the liquor. Mrs. Susan J. Chase of Gardiner, brought a suit action for damages against R. J. Kenniston of the same city, alleging that her husband through the use of liquor bought at Kenniston's store, ill treated and abused his family, and failed to provide for their support. The sale of the liquor to the aforesaid husband was clearly proven, and the jury brought in a verdict in favor of Mrs. Chase, of $702. This verdict will have a most salutary effect, and will cause many others to refuse to sell to many who now have but little difficulty in obtaining it. When it is considered that under this law owners of buildings are also liable for damages, its effects when enforced will be still more sweeping. The case for the lady was ably managed by H. M. Heath, Esq.

TOGUS. The First Division of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac has furnished two Governors of the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Gen. Tilton and Gen. Stephenson. The new Governor, Brevet Brigadier Gen. Luther Stephenson, went out as the Major of the Thirty-second Regiment, became Lieutenant Colonel, on the death of Colonel Prescott of Concord, achieved the colonelcy, and at the close of the war was brevetted a Brigadier. His regiment was a part of the second brigade of the division. The Governorship of the Home carries with it the full rank and pay of a Brigadier General. The new Governor has entered upon his duties, and makes a most favorable impression at the Home.

Most people need at this season some tonic blood purifying medicine to overcome debility incident to the spring season, and give freedom from disease in the approaching hot weather. Taking advantage of this universal need, quacks are advertising worthless "tonics" and imposing their nostrums on many; but for a real good thing go to our reliable apothecaries, PARTRIDGE BROS. oppositethe FARMER Office, and get a bottle of their U. S. GOLD BITTERS, which is the best spring medicine extant, being pure, effective and carefully compounded by chemists who know how to handle and prepare good medicines.

Stillman Flagg of Winslow, committed suicide by hanging on Friday. The excitement of the shooting affair by Lorenzo D. Getchell, to which he was a party, and the trial thereof, unsettled his mind. The deceased was 72 years old and leaves four daughters. He was much respected in the community.

New York city has 2000 ragpickers, whose collections are valued at $750,000 per year, while the handcarts engaged in the same business gather $3,000,000 worth. The entire rag trade of the country reaches about $30,000,000 annually.

The last class in book-keeping for the season will commence at Dirigo Business College on Monday, May 7. About forty students graduate this month.

Prof. F. A. Robinson, so long a teacher at Kent's Hill Seminary, has received an appointment in the Portland custom house.

The next meeting of the Maine Beekeepers' Association will be held at Grange Hall, Dexter, May 10th.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color, and makes the hair vigorous and abundant.

City News.

Rev. Mr. Sanderson, pastor of the Methodist church, will be transferred to another station. Mr. Sanderson has been stationed here several times, and is popular not only among his own people, but with the public generally.——The spirit and purpose of the social meeting at the Congregationalist vestry, Fast day, were interrupted and subverted by the performances of a couple of cranks, one of which "dropped into poetry." When the ministers decide to return to the good old practice of preaching on Fast days, calamities like that will be averted.——Mr. Safford of Vermont, special agent of the Pension department, has been in the city looking up difficult cases that constantly arise under the pension act.——Fast day was a day of great beauty, and was observed in the usual manner in this city and vicinity. It was a splendid day for gardening and house-cleaning, and was improved by many for those purposes. In the evening there were illuminations by garden bonfires.——In the interests of humanity, in the interests of good government, in the interests of peaceful households, and good neighborhoods—*shut up the hens!*——Mr. E. C. Allen, the extensive publisher in this city, on Monday sailed for Europe. He says he will return with additional business for his establishments.——One of the inmates of the jail in this city has correspondents who are very considerate of his feelings. They address him at "the northeast corner of State and Court streets." That sounds better than simply "Kennebec Jail."——The saw mill of Messrs. Sturges, Lambard & Co., on the side the river, has started up for the summer's work.——On Thursday, Mrs. Throckmorton, a lady about to act as housekeeper at the Arsenal, fell on the steps of the Augusta House, and fractured her collar bone in two places.——Rev. Mr. Hall of Meriden, Conn., has declined the flattering call to the Granite church in this city. The anchors were down too firmly at his present home for him to leave.——Mrs. O. H. Fellows, *nee* Nettie Milliken, formerly of Augusta, has been successful in securing the position of solo soprano in the church of St. Bartholomew, corner of Madison Square and 44th street, New York city, at a salary of $1,000.——Dr. Harlow, who is about closing his long term at the Insane Hospital, is looking around for a house-lot on which he will build a residence, as it is his intention to continue a citizen of Augusta.——Mr. Blaine will leave Washington about June 1st for this city, where he will spend most of the summer at work on his book. He has collected material which will keep him engaged for the summer.——It certainly looked like spring to see the steamer "Delia Collins" sailing proudly to her wharf Saturday noon, with a large freight for our merchants. The "Star" arrived at her wharf in Gardiner at 10 o'clock on the morning of that day.——Tuesday evening a party of friends gathered at Mrs. Peaslee's, the music teacher in this city. The evening passed very pleasantly with piano and violin music by Mrs. Peaslee and Mr. Skillens. Piano music books were furnished by Miss Belle C. Perkins of N. Augusta.——John Fossett has been elected Captain of the Capital Guards, and H. M. Heath, First Lieutenant. Capt. Fossett formerly commanded the company.——At the annual meeting of the Williams school district, three directors were chosen, viz: H. Manley for three years; Wm. H. Williams and Wm. H. Libby each for one year. Voted to hire an assistant teacher for the Grammar school.——Josiah M. Mayberry, of Bangor, the well known commercial traveller, was in town for several years in the employ of a Portland firm, has been taken to the Insane Hospital.——Unusual attractions are offered in the new advertisement of E. Rowse's establishment. Goods of fine quality are being placed down to the lowest figure.——Mr. Everett Sewall has added to his coal business by buying the business of Mr. John DuLon, who continues in very feeble health.

Kennebec County News.

C. Marshall Weston of Belgrade, one of the County Commissioners, has received intelligence of the death of his brother, L. B. Weston, at Dodge Centre, Minnesota, at the age of 62 years.- Fifteen years ago Mr. Weston sought a home in the Western country, where he has reared an intelligent family of four children, who give promise of making their mark in society.——Some of the young men at Waterville are forming an Agassiz Society, for furtherence in their Natural History studies.——The quarterly meeting of the Kennebec county Reform Clubs in Waterville, on Friday last, was one of much interest. The forenoon was given to business, and the evening to discussion. The platform in the evening was well filled with speakers, who used the time closely, and consequently to a late hour. Among these were two ladies, Mrs. Crossman of Bangor and Mrs. Pepper of Waterville, who commanded marked attention. Rev. Dr. Pepper and several other clergymen made brief speeches, and the delegates of the various clubs made out an evening of rich work for the interest of temperance.——The cheese factory at Winthrop, will start up on Monday, April 30, under the management of W. F. Lacroix and S. B. Cook. The factory will be raised two feet this week, and a brick basement nine feet high put under. Will Robinson has taken the contract for $600. The creamery will be put in operation at the close of the cheese season.——Postmaster Thomas has entered upon his duties at Hallowell. His appointment gives great satisfaction.——The Centennial Ice Company are loading a large three-masted schooner with ice from their buildings in Pittston. They have sold 8000 tons of ice which will be shipped as soon as possible.——Mr. Henry Sampson of New York, has presented a beautiful clock to the Hallowell Social Library Association.——The valuation of Winthrop is $991,160; polls, 580; rate of taxation 1¼ mills. There are in town 761 cows, 9 oxen. There are 75 dwellings located near Getchell's Corner, Vassalboro', was burned to the ground. Loss $1000; no insurance.——L. T. Carleton, Esq., of Winthrop, will deliver the oration at Vassalboro', Decoration day.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. At Vinalhaven they have one of the prettiest churches in New England, and no minister. A good religious interest prevails in the Methodist church at Rockland, and the vestry is crowded every Sunday evening.——The majority of the committee of the Maine State Spiritual Temple Association are in favor of purchasing, for campmeeting purposes, a property known as the Brown farm in Northport, just northeast of Saturday Cove. The farm contains 100 acres, forty of which are in timber, and extends to the shore of the bay. If purchased a Temple will be erected and lots sold to those who wish to build summer cottages.——There has been a large attendance at the Baptist church at Liberty, each Sunday both day and evening, since the Rev. Dr. Shaw became the pastor.——The Christian Church recently erected in Cherryfield, was dedicated April 25. Rev. H. M. Eaton of Walpole, N. H., preached on the occasion.——At a parish meeting of the Trinitarian Congregational society at Castine, it was voted to extend a call to Mr. Fay, who has preached there on several Sundays. He will graduate in June at Bangor Theological Seminary.——The East Maine Methodist Episcopal Conference will be held at Searsport from the 2d to the 5th of May.——The fifty-ninth annual session of the Maine Methodist Conference is being held at the Hammond street church, Lewiston, commencing Wednesday and continuing till Monday next. The meetings will be under the direction of the Bishop, Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., and the Presiding Elders, Rev. C. F. Allen, D. D., Rev. S. Allen, D. D., and Rev. C. J. Clark.——Rev. George M. Sanborne, late of Abbot, has accepted a call to Dallas, Texas.——Mr. Harriman of the Bangor Seminary, has accepted a call to the Congregational church in Brewer.——There is a revival interest in the Bangor Free Baptist church.——Rev. J. McWhinnie of the Free Baptist church, Portland, baptized three candidates, Sunday.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

EXTREME TIRED FEELING. A lady tells us "the first bottle has done me much good, a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that extreme tired feeling which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick complete cure, all annoying Kidney diseases. $1.

Items and Incidents.

Another editor has been rewarded. Fuller of the Rockland Courier has been made Pound Keeper.

Absolutely the best Plaster ever made. The *Hop Plaster* is composed of Fresh Hops, Balsams and Gums. Weak Back, Side Ache, Sore Chest, and all pains are speedily cured by its use. Apply one. Only 25 cts. at any drug store.

Evangelist Moody says he does not fear infidelity half so much as he does the cold formalism which is creeping over Christianity—the want of heart, fire, interest and enthusiasm.

OH! THE MIGHTY VOICE. Homer says of Ulysses, one of the Greek heroes in the great Trojan war: "You had thought him a fool, so stiffly he held his sceptre, and so downcast were his eyes; but as soon as he began to speak—oh, the mighty voice, and the words thick as falling snow." Looking at a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, one would never suspect its concealed power, greater than the eloquence of Ulysses. But when it begins its work with a patient who is afflicted with any Kidney or liver disease, "Oh! the mighty voice," and the wonderful healing effects produced in an incredibly short time. As there was but one "wise Ulysses" in all the camp of the Greeks, there is but one Hunt's Remedy in all the list of kidney remedies; and there is none that works such marvellous results. Physicians have discovered this, and freely prescribe it to their patients; and multitudes of the cured sound its praises.

Minnie, a 10-year-old daughter of I. E. Ayres of Falls Village, Conn., was burned to death by a bonfire Wednesday night.

The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the several diseases peculiar to woman forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—*Dr. Haskell,*

Fred Douglass is soon to marry a very accomplished and a very handsome woman, almost white, and many, many years his junior. Mr. Douglass' wife died a year or two ago, and although he is about 66 years old, he has a perfect right to marry, providing the girl is willing. He is said to be worth $100,000.

Side by side with the old family clock on the mantle shelf place a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. You will need it in the coming months. Trial size 10 cents.

A rare act of practical Christianity was performed by a New Haven lady when, on Tuesday she took to her home a girl whom her son had basely betrayed.

One of the highest, most sacred, and imperative duties of every person is to alleviate human suffering and save human life. If you are not afflicted with heart disease, advise your friend, who is, to use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. It is the one absolutely infallible specific, and costs only one dollar a bottle.—*Medical Journal.*

A sensation has been occasioned at Boylston Mass., by the marriage of Miss Alice Flagg, white, belonging to a wealthy family, to George Hazard, colored, a former laborer on her father's farm.

Now is the time when birds mate—read adv't. Send 25 cts. for Holden's new Book on Birds, to G. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Sq., Boston.

A large number of applications for space have been made to the committee on women's work in charge of the preparations for the woman's department at the coming New England fair, and many more are expected. These give assurance that the woman's department of the fair will be a success.

Hundreds of persons using Ayer's Hair Vigor, certify to its efficacy in restoring the hair to the health and beauty of youth.

At a fire at Sacramento, Cal., on Friday, seven persons were killed and others badly injured.

Deserving of Confidence. There is no preparation which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

An Iowa man tied one end of a long cord to an aching tooth and the other to a heavy weight, which he dropped from a fourth story window. Two men were taken to a hospital in an ambulance—one with a broken jaw and one with a broken skull.

"Old birds are not caught with chaff." Therefore seek and find the pure golden grains of health in Kidney-Wort. Women, young or old, married or single, if out of health, will be greatly benefited by taking Kidney-Wort.

During 1882, 271 divorces were granted in R

ms of General News.

t. Lawrence is clear of ice.

y D. McDaniels, democrat, is elected or of Georgia.

coronation of the Czar has been r May 27.

President is back at Washington, in alth.

young ladies and three children owned at Rochester, Mass., Saturing upset in a skiff.

d progress is being made in the conon of the Vermont Central and Verd Canada Railroads.

trial of the Phœnix Park murderers, y failed to agree in the case of y Kelley, and he is having another

es from New Mexico say that Gen. broke camp at Wilcox, Monday g, and started for Guadaloup Canh three hundred troops, two hundian scouts and twenty-one wagons.

rs have been received by officers of rtsmouth branch of the bank of d, threatening the destruction of building by dynamite. Detectives in consequence been detailed to the building.

R. Conkling will deliver the ora- New York Decoration Day. Hon. R. Hawley has been invited to de- e oration on the same occasion in yn.

nob attacked O'Brien's circus at Delaware, Saturday evening, shoote of the proprietors fatally and eight employes seriously. Dissatisfaction e show was the cause.

el Curley, the second of the group oners indicted for the murder of vendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix has been found guilty and sen- to be hanged.

nty or more persons have been arin Ireland, on the charge of a con- to murder landlords, agents and s. Two of the prisoners have informers.

lf-dime of 1804 sold in New York eek for $400—just 8000 times its ic value. Coins of this date are so at even the cabinet of the United mint is without a specimen.

s is received from the northwest f British Columbia of the drowning srs. Chapman and Penn, two mis- es attached to the Presbyterian mis- y the upsetting of a boat.

people will breathe freer now that now the testimony on the star route as terminated. The arguments of el are now being made, with the ct of a happy termination of the y the time of the early frosts.

Sunday 800 steerage passengers d at Boston from Liverpool, and on llowing Sunday 1200 more will arrive. belong to a class of "assisted emi-," that are flocking to this country reland.

U. S. Supreme Court has just de- hat machine shops, engine houses, ther industries that might disturb while at worship, cannot be erected o a church, to the injury of the propnereof.

"old sixth," of Massachusetts, that ntered such obstacles in passing th Baltimore at the outbreak of the on, has just celebrated its twenty- reunion. Gen Butler made a thrilld eloquent address.

conflagration at Cleveland, Ohio, day, destroyed $100.000 worth of ty. It broke out in the planing, nd blind mill of Davidson & House. oarding houses were destroyed. the s barely having time to escape with ives.

civil service commissioners have ed their rules for examination of ates for office. The rules are said simple, effective and practicable. ants will not have to go to Washingt will be examined in their respective

es Thomas and Edward Barlow, the radoes who robbed the Normansville, post-office and shot the wife of Post- r Normile, who is now dead, have been ed. During the sacking of the post- they declared that if any one apched they would shoot, saying, "We new Jesse James gang, and don't rget it."

eral Hazen has telegraphed the er observers in the West Indies that to the failure of Congress to provide e cyclone reports the work on that h of the service would cease on the st. It is probable that some private gement can be made to continue these rations before the season for them s, September and October.

hteen prominent Nihilists have been ted at St. Petersburg. Six were mmed to death, two to life-long servi- and the remainder to terms of im- ment varying from 15 to 20 years. been resolved to hold another trial ilists at Odessa previous to the coro- of the Czar. Fifty persons have rrested for Nihilism during the last They include military officers, ladies, teachers, students, working- nd soldiers.

ong the most frequent attendants on dious and protracted star-route trials o ladies whose striking beauty makes the subject of admired comment. two ladies show constant interest in feature of the trial, and their patient ntiring watchfulness can but be noted dge, jury, counsel and spectators. are sisters born in Aakansas. One wife of ex-Senator Dorsey and the the widow of Peck, who was indi- with Dorsey.

cabinet session at Washington, Monwas devoted to the consideration of gn affairs and the new civil service ations. The matter was discussed of ns in the United States actively en- in aiding and directing the dynamite rs in England. The members gen- expressed their views as to what the of this country should be in various ected contingencies which might arise of the manifest disposition of Irish rs to use this country as a basis for s by means of dynamite and mine rine upon the English government English people.

erican express agents in Milwaukee, y, discovered a package of dynamite ing 25 pounds, which was shipped Newark, N. J., by the Adams Exco., and turned over to the American ess Co. on Thursday at Chicago. It no marks to indicate its deadly conbut was directed to the Milwaukee nt Co. When delivered by an Ameri- Express Co.'s driver the officers in the nt Co.'s employ said it was dynamite the package was returned to the ican express office and lay on the alk for some time. The Express Co. that it is only fuses. Experts say mount was sufficient to blow an extrain to atoms or to demolish a whole

burning of the provincial Parliament e at Quebec, Thursday night, involves y loss difficult to estimate, since the ds and books can never be replaced any circumstances. The library of volumes is regarded as a total loss. nsurance on the library alone was 00 and on the books and furniture, 00. The excitement was very great, re following so closely as it did the tion at Rideau Hall. Many thousands ople gathered about Mountain hill, between Dufferin terrace and the d battery, a picturesque district well n to tourists. The contract for erecte new Parliament houses have already granted to the amount of $350.000. extensive conflagration has occurred elhi, India. Two thousand houses been destroyed and a great number milies are destitute and homeless. al of the gay bazzars were destroyed, he flames then made a detour through of the side streets and came out again e main thoroughfare at a point in the ty of the old buildings comprising the nt palace of the Shah Jehan. The mosque, which was built by the Shah in the seventeenth century, and cost 00,000, was badly scorched. The ic quarter of the native college was ged considerably, and the Persian er almost destroyed. Several of the chools scattered throughout the city burned.

gang of tramps attacked the agent witchman at the Grand Trunk station aticook, Province of Quebec, about Sunday, with clubs and stones. The r retreated to the station and closed oors, which the mob tried to break An alarm was given and Mr. James s, a carpenter, and Mr. T. B. Turkey, ord of the Queen's hotel, who were g the first on the ground, were roughly ed, Mr. Watts receiving two severe wounds and a badly injured wrist the bludgeons of the gang. The pe retreated towards Island Pond, ed closely. Two were taken in the three swam the river and were taken swamp in Barford, and two in other s, so that before night seven of them in confinement. They will be tried. rew began in an attempt of the agent ive away one of the tramps who was ing about the station.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, April 25, 1883.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2288; sheep and lambs, 8426; swine, 12,481; veals, 155; horses, 85. Number of western cattle, 1958; northern and eastern cattle, milch cows, etc., 330.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 63½@7 25; first, $5 75@6 50; second, $4 50@5.62½; third, $4 00@4 37½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00@3 87½.

Brighton Hides—7¼c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—6½@7c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6c per lb.; heavy, 7c per lb.

Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—11@12½c per lb.

Sheep and Lamb Skins—$1.25@2.00 each.

Sheared Skins—25c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	lbs live wt.	wt.	Average weight
J. Stetson & Co.,	12	6 75	"	1250
do	10	6 85	"	1361
do	11	6 90	"	1185
do	10	6 60	"	1142
Fitch & Eames,	9	7 00	"	1412
do	8	7 00	"	1307
do	11	6 80	"	1135
do	12	6 75	"	1086
C. Leavitt & Son	17	7 00	"	1410
do	10	6 70	"	1255
do	17	6 50	"	1160
do	19	6 60	"	1150
do	4	6 90	"	1300
J. McFlynn	5	6 75	"	1100
do	6	6 40	"	1000
A. N. Monroe	20	7 00	"	1300
do	23	6 80	"	1357
do	37	6 75	"	1400
do	36	7 12½	"	1460
do	15	7 25	"	1460
do	28	6 87½	"	1200

There has been a larger supply of western cattle brought into market this week than there was last. Most of the cattle were of a very good quality, but few lots selling for less than 6½c. per lb., live weight. A few very extra beeves were sold at 7½c. per lb., live weight, but most of the sales ranged from 6½ to 7c. per lb., live weight, for butcher's cattle. Prices have declined ½@¾c. per lb., from those of our last quotations.

Working Oxen—A few pairs each week is all the market requires. We note sales 1 pair, girth 7ft 2in., live weight 3200 lbs., $190; 1 pair girth 6 ft., 6in., live weight 2500 lbs., $130; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 8in., live weight, 2800 lbs., $150; 1 pair, 7ft. live weight 3000 lbs. $180; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 6. live weight, 2600 lbs., $123; 1 pair, girth 7 ft. 6 in., live weight, 3500 lbs., $200.

Milch cows, springers, etc. Trade has not been very active for common grades. We note sales of 1 new milch cow at $50; 1 new milch cow, $70; 1 do., $50; 1 do., $60; 1 do, $41; 1 cow and calf, $50, and 3 springers at $35 each.

Veal calves in good demand, at 3½ to 7c. per lb., live weight, or $2@5 per head for poor quality.

Sheep and Lambs.—The supply for the week were all owned by butchers, sheep costing, landed at the yards, 6—@7½c, and lambs, 7½@8½ per lb., live weight.

Swine. Western fat hogs cost, landed at the slaughter houses, 7½ to 8½c per lb., live weight. On store pigs prices are from 7 to 10 c per lb. for live weight, or $2@7 per head for small pigs.

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25

FLOUR—We quote sales at $3 50@4 00 for Western Superfine; $4 25@5 00 for common extras; $4 75@6 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@6 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $5 25@5 75 for Michigan, $5 50@6 50 for Ohio Indiana and $6 75@7 75 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $7 25@7 75 and winter wheats at $6 25@7 00 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at 3 00@3 00 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $3 75@4 00 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 6 25@6 50 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

GRAIN—There is a dull feeling for Corn and prices are lower. We quote the different grades of mixed and yellow at 72@73½c per bush., as to quality. Oats have been arriving quite freely and prices are lower, with a moderate demand. The sales of No. 1 and extra white have been at 61@62c; No. 2 white at 57½@58 and No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 55½@56 per bush. In Rye the sales have been at 75@78c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $21 00@23 00 per ton. Fine Feed and Middlings at $21 00@23 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal $26 00@27 per ton.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is firm. The sales of prime clear at $16 50@17 00 for prime; $19 75@20 00 for mess; and $21 00@23 00 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $11 00@14 00 per bbl. for mess, $11 00@14 00 for extra mess, and $14 50@17 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 11½@13c per lb., for city and Western Smoked Hams are selling at 12¾@13½c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—In butter sales. Western sell at 27@28c for choice, and 24@26c for fair and good; Northern creameries at 25@27c for choice, and 22@24c for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairies at 22@24c for choice, and 20@21 for fair and good; and Western ladle packed is selling at 15@16 for choice. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 14¼@14¾c; fair to good at 12@13¼ and common and skim at 5@10c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 18@19c., for Eastern and Western. Beans are in steady demand. The sales of choice pea beans have been at $2 30@2 45; choice mediums at $2 20@2 30; yellow eyes at 3 40@3 45. Red kidneys are selling in small lots at $3 50@3 55 per bush. Choice Canada peas are selling at $1 10@1 15, and common at 85c@95 per bush. Potatoes have been in demand. We quote Eastern Rose at 90c@$1; Northern Rose at 85@90c; Prolifics at 90c@95; Pearless and at 85@90.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.

APPLES—Evaporated, 18@19; dried Western, 9@9½; do Eastern, 8 50@9 00. Eating apples, $4 00@4 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—20@22c for choice family; Vermont, 22@25c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $2 90@3 00; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 35.

CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory new 14½@16c; N. Y. Factory, 14¼@16.

COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $3 50@4 50; Spring X and XX $5 50@6 50; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 00@6 50; Common Michigan, $6 50@7 00; St. Louis winter patents $6 25@7 25.

FISH—Cod Ship's $8 00@6 25; Shore $6 50@6 75; Herring $5 00@5 75; Scaled per bx 23@27c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $11 75@13 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 73c; oats 58c; cotton seed, car lots $28 00; cotton seed, bag lots $30 00; sacked bran, car lot 23 00@24 00; sacked bran, bag lots $25 00; middlings, car lots $25 00; middlings, bag lots $26 00; rye, $1 30.

LARD—Per tierce 12@12½c per lb; per tub 12½@13½c; pail 12¼@13.

PROVISIONS—Fowl 16@18 chickens, 18@20c; turkeys 24@26. Geese 20@21 cents; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $13 50@14 00; pork backs $23 50@24 00; clear $23 50@23 00; hams 13@13½.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, April 24.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1655 head; market active; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $0 00@— 00; extra at 9 25@9 55; first quality at $7 50@9 00; second quality at $6 75@7 25; third quality at $4 50@6 25.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@350; milch cows and calves at $20@48; yearlings $12@31; 2 years, $18@35; three years, $25@45; Farrow Cows, $17@33; fancy, $50@80.

SWINE — Receipts 9,342 Western fat Swine, live, 7¼@8¾; Northern dressed hogs at 9¼@10.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 3187 head; sales of sheep in lots $3 00@5 00 each; extra $3 00@6 50; lambs 6¾@8¾; Veal calves 3@6.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, April 25.

WOOL—The demand for Wool is not so active, but there is a steady demand and prices continue to be well sustained. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 40 for X, 42@43c for XX, and 45@46c. for XX and above; and XXX, Michigan and X fleeces have been selling at 45c for heavy, up to 38@40c for good X. In combing and delaine fleeces there has been considerable doing. The sales have ranged from 43@46c for fine delaine, and 47@50c for fine and No. 1 combing. Unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces have been selling at a wide range of prices. Desirable lots of fine and medium are scarce and held quite firm. California Wool has been quiet, and sales at 19@31½c. for fall and spring.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, April 24

Hogs—Receipts 10,000 head; shipments 2,600 head; weak; mixed 7 10@7 30; heavy at 7 50@7 90; light at 7 10@7 65; skips at 4 30@6 80.

Cattle—Receipts 2,600 head; shipments 3,400; exports at 6 30 @6 40.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.

APPLES—Green 4 00@4 50 per bbl; No. 2 @2 25@2 50.

BEANS—Pea beans @2 90@3 00; Yellow Eyes @3 10@3 25. German beans 2 20@2 30.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 18@23; Ball Butter 20@25.

CHEESE—New 13½@14½c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 60 per cwt.

EGGS—16@17c per dozen.

FLOUR—@6 50@9 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 80; oats 60; barley 75c.

HAY—$10 00@12 00; pressed $13@15.

STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per pound.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5½@8½c, dividing on 90 pounds; wool skins 50@1 25c; calf skins 12c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15@20c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10@1 15 per cask; cement $2 00; plaster, $6@6 50.

LARD—11¾@12c.

MEAL—Corn 75@78; rye $1 15@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 95@1 00 cents per bushel; onions $1 30@1 50 per bushel; cabbages $3.00 per hundred lbs.; Squash $4.50@5 00 per hundred lbs; Sweet Potatoes, $ 75@4 00.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11@11¾c; beef per side 9@10c; ham 12¾@13½c; fowls 15@18c; lamb 8½@9c; mutton 8½@9c; veal 10@11c; chickens 18@20c; round hog 8½@9c; sausages 14c; turkeys 18@20c; geese, 14@15c; ducks, 12@15c.

STONE—@26@27 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

The market has been quiet during the past week. Pea beans are a little weaker, and are selling at $2.90 per bushel. Eggs are coming in quite plenty and bringing 16@17c. per dozen. Western tierce lard has dropped ¼c. per lb. New Bermuda onions are worth $1.25 @ 1.50 per crate. Salt pork has fallen off, and clear backs are selling for $22.00 @ 22.50 per bbl. Spring lambs are worth 20 @ 25c. per pound. Beef has advanced from ¼ @ ½ c. per lb. for all grades.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY. April 25.

APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., $3 75@4 22. Greening, per bbl., $3 75@4 25.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $3 00@3 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $3 00@3 10.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb; fair to good, 18@20; good, 20@22c per lb.

EGGS—18c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 57c@60 per bush; corn 84c.

HAY—$10@11 per ton; pressed $11@12.

POTATOES—Early Rose, per bushel, 72@80. Burbank, 70@75c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, 9@9¾; chickens 17@18c; turkeys 22@25c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, April 24.

United States Sixes,	3's,	(reg.)	103
"	"	5's (reg.)	102¾
"	"	New 4½ (reg.)	113
"	"	" (coup.)	113
"	"	New 4's (reg.)	119½
"	"	" (coup.)	119½
"	"	Pacific 6's '95.	127

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla? Try it.

"I began the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment just as I was taking a bad cold; *the cold ceased of without settling on my lungs, or otherwise hurting me.* Have had no pain or rattling in my lungs after the first two weeks' treatment. It works wonderfully on my whole system. I am stouter now than I have been for two years." So writes one of our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall St., New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* 1y2

A GOOD ODD FELLOW.

MR. CUTLER, OF 21 LYONS ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—HOW HE TAKES LIFE EASY NOW, AND HOW HE OBTAINED THE MEANS TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH.

Mr. Cutler, of 21 Lyons St., is a faithful Odd Fellow, and for forty years a member of Quinipiac Lodge No. 1, (the oldest organization of the kind in the State of Conn.) He is a man much respected in New Haven. Your reporter found him at his pleasant home on Lyons street one afternoon, taking life easy. "You see," he says, "I'm trying to make myself feel a little indisposed. I presume its the lingering results of a Lodge dinner which I attended a while ago down at the beach. I have been, as many of my friends in New Haven know, a sufferer for years from indigestion and biliousness. When I have indulged in too hearty food I've had to suffer at times extremely. As a result I've had to place myself under my physician's care often, and I have taken a great many remedies, but I find after a thorough trial that Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is the most excellent medicine I have ever had knowledge of for any of the disorders above mentioned. It leaves no exhaustive effects, but rather strengthens and regulates the digestive organs in a charming manner. We keep it as a household medicine, and I have recommended it to my friends, for it is an excellent preparation."

Mr. Cutler is a man whose word can be depended upon. His testimony is but a re-echo of the words of thousands in New England who have received relief from the sole use of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY.

Apr

For Boston.
STEAMER
STAR OF THE EAST.

Will, until further notice, run as follows:

Leaving Gardiner every Monday and Thursday at 5 o'clock, Richmond, at 4, and Bath at 6 P. M.

Meals on board steamer, 50 cents.

The New Steamer Della Collins

Will leave Augusta from the company's new wharf, foot of Winthrop street, every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30 P. M., Hallowell at 1.45 P. M., connecting with the above boat at Gardiner. Will leave Central wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Fare from Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner and return, $3.00. Single Tickets to Boston, $2.00.

For further particulars inquire of

W. J. TUCK, Agent, Augusta.
OFFICE 161 WATER ST.
H. FULLER, Hallowell, General Agent.

Augusta, April 25, 1883.

WELLS RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both international Dairy Fairs.

By patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the world.

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It

Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the

Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made,

And, while prepared in oil, is so compound ed that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (65)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

THE
Beacon Light!

A very successful Sunday School Song Book.

BY J. H. TENNEY AND E. A. HOFFMAN.

"We are delighted with it.—The only one in use in this vicinity.—Ought to be in every Sabbath School in the land."

The above extracts from a letter correspond with the general impression of those familiar with the book, which is, that it is one of the very best ever published.

PRICE 30 CTS.

MINSTREL SONGS, - $2.00

Plantation, Jubilee and other songs. *A great success.* Piano or Organ accompaniment.

MUSICAL FAVORITE, - - $2.00

A new and superior selection of the best Piano pieces.

GEMS OF ENGLISH SONG, - - $2.00

Continues to be a great favorite, being the best general collection of sheet music songs in the English language.

Charming Cantatas for the end of the musical season.

RUTH AND BOAZ. Andrews. - 65 cts.
NEW FLOWER QUEEN. Root. 75 cts.

Any book mailed, postpaid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

Acts at the Same Time on KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Married.

In Atkinson, April 8, Edward E. Tewksbury to Hattie L. Levenseller.

In Brooklin, April 14, George A. Sawyer, M. D., of Milbridge, to Lillian A. Friend of Brooklin.

In Cooper's Mills, April 7, James A. Noyes to Carrie E. Bowden, both of Jefferson.

In Chocolate cove, Deer Island, March 18, John C. Dixon of Indian Island, to Ada H. Leonard of Leonardville, both of Charlotte County, N. B.

In Chelsea, April 4, Julius Greeneberg and Helen M. Farnham.

In Deering, April 9, Bainbridge F. Coffin to Celia E. Crocker.

In Dover, April 4, Geo. Elms to Hattie F. Bearce; April 10, Geo. E. Howard to Fannie S. Boynton.

In Long Island Plantation, April 6, Adelbert Wilton Lund to Rosanna Murphy; April 6, Samuel Currier to Rebecca Davis.

In North Vassalboro', April 7, Andrew J. Babb of Vassalboro', to Carrie Hamlin of China.

In Oakland, April 18, Louis W. Miller of Waterville to F. Belle Cornforth of Oakland; Feb. 16, Edgar F. Mathews of Oakland, to Abbie M. Baker of Bingham.

In Peak's Island, April 17, Robert Geyer to Mrs. Nancy Thompson, both of Friendship.

In Portland, April 19, Capt. F. H. Purington of Harpswell, to Mary T. Carr of Bowdoinham.

In Rockland, April 11, Edward W. Merrill to Linda Merrifield.

In St. Albans, Apr. 15, Henry C. Prescott to Anna E. Emery.

In Solon, Apr. 10, Asher T. Heald to Alice L. Getchell, both of Anson.

In Skowhegan, Apr. 14, John L. York to Cora B. Atkinson.

In South Hope, Apr. 1, Almon S. Maxcy of Union, to Viola Tolman of Camden.

In The Forks, Mar. 27, Arthur B. Durgin to Emma Farley, both of West Forks; Apr. 9, Sherman Bowman to Matilda J. Safford.

In Union, April 14, Den. Augustus Vaughan of Union, to Mrs. Lydia A. Simmons of Appleton.

In West Paris, April 16, Alden E. Shield to Cora B. Martin, both of Greenwood.

In Waldoboro, April 2, Arthur A. Buck of Searsmont, to Anna A. Achorn, of Waldoboro.

In Weld, Apr. 19, James M. Lapham to Mrs. Nancy F. Cummings.

Died.

In this city, April 24, at the residence of F. W. Kinsman, Mrs. Julia A. Butler, aged 42 years, daughter of O. D. Greely, Esq.

In Athens, April 5, Joseph Dow, aged 85 years

In Bangor, April 19, Deborah A., wife of Thomas D. Lincoln, aged 68½ years.

In Biddeford, April 6, Lucy, widow of Jeremiah Wadlin, aged 79½ years; April 6, Albert Berry, aged 65¾ years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Marietta Fountain, formerly of Eastport, aged 40 years.

In Clinton, Martha C., wife of Thomas B. Stinchfield, aged 73 years; Hadah, wife of Daniel Holt, aged 79 years.

In Cambridgeport, Mass., April 16, Thomas F., infant son of Charles and the late Albina D. Brewer.

In Cornville, Apr. 15, Mrs. Arville W. Frost, aged 70 years.

In Camden, April 13, Melissa, wife of Amos W. Heal, aged 44¾ years; Apr. 14, Mrs. Margaret T. Norwood, aged 75¾ years.

In Cushing, Apr. 14, Hannah P. Hathorne, aged 80 years.

In Deer Island, Apr. 14, Elizabeth Treworin, aged 76 years; Apr. 14, Minnie B. Emery, aged 12 years.

In Eastport, April 11, Anna E. Folsom, aged 42 years.

In Freeport, Apr. 11, Chas. C. Perry, aged 24 years.

In Oakland, Apr. 14, Calvin Crowell, aged 76 years; Apr. 9, Mrs. Sarah Hussey, aged 88¾ years.

In Owl's Head, Apr. 16, Elias Cross, aged 75¼ years.

In Pittsfield, April 18, Albert Leavitt, aged 68 years, formerly of this city, and one of the original subscribers of the FARMER.

In Rockport, Apr. 16, Horace Packard, aged 81 years; Apr. 15, Erastus Payson, aged 79½ years; Apr. 16, Charles Barrett, aged 75 years.

In Rockland, Apr. 12, Samuel Hanson, aged 90 years; Apr. 16, Wm. A. Simonton, aged 36½ years.

In Saco, Apr. 16, Margaret, widow of the late Wm. Stone, aged 77¾ years; Apr. 11, Phebe L., relict of Wm. D. Boulter, aged 79½ years.

In South Thomaston, Apr. 17, James P. Haskell, aged 81¾ years.

In San Francisco, Cal., Apr. 3, Henry C. Sampson, aged 53¼ years, formerly of Medford, Mass.

In Thomaston, Apr. 16, Mrs. Jane Blackburn, aged 84½ years.

In Freemont, March 19, Mrs. Hannah Walls, aged 48¾ years.

In Vinal Haven, Apr. 16, R. L. Bowman, aged 67 years.

In Waterville, Apr. 18, Nathan Perry, aged 79¾ years; Apr. 14, Lucy E. Dunbar, aged 43¾ years.

Wanted!

A smart, capable girl, to do general housework, good pay. Apply to or Address

Mrs. HOWARD OWEN,
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The Biggest Thing Out ILLUSTRATED BOOK Sent Free.
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Department.
NEW GOODS!
IMMENSE STOCK!

Wonderful Bargains In Clothing of our own Manufacture.—The Cloths are shrunk before they are cut, and the work is warranted.

MEN'S SUITS,

$8, $10, $12, $14, $15, $16, $18, $20.

We offer two bargains in ALL WOOL SUITS AT $10.00, in medium and dark gray.—Also an ALL WOOL INDIGO BLUE CHEVOIT SUIT AT $20.00.—Color Warranted.

EXTRA BARGAINS IN

MEN'S PANTS.

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

WE OFFER SOME

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

Ages 4 to 11 Years:

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.

Ages 10 to 14 Years.

$4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00 to $10.00.

Ages 14 to 17 Years.

$5.00, $6.00, 7.50, $10.00, $12.00.

Samples of the cloths from which any of the above goods are cut, will be sent free by mail.

CHAS. H. NASON,
The ONE-PRICE Clothier,
Manufacturer of Ready-Made Clothing.

135, 137 & 139, Water St., Augusta, Me.

HAMBLEN FARM
FOR SALE!

Centrally situated in Upper Stillwater, in Oldtown, two miles from Orono and Oldtown villages, seven from Bangor, two from M. C. Railroad, and half a mile from branch track in Upper Stillwater. Has been a milk farm seventeen years. From twenty to thirty cattle kept and no hay sold. Contains one hundred acres, forty in pasture and sixty in mowing fields. Orchard of different varieties of apples and pears. Cuts seventy tons of hay.

The main house 36x28 facing the south is two stories high; granite cellar. The L. extending north 26x30, has two piazzas and a cellar. The shed 16x36 is at right angles with the L. Carriage house 20x24, and one and one half stories, attached to the shed.

Barn 40x60 with basement for cattle and dressing. L attached on the north 18x36. Living water pumped from a pond into troughs in front of cattle. Barn faces the east and is connected with other buildings. Gentle slope. Water ten feet from the house, also a cement cistern.

The buildings are situated on high land on the south side of the road leading from Upper Stillwater to Hudson, and are surrounded by shade trees that extend on both sides of the road for a quarter of a mile or more. Enquire of

FRANK HAMBLEN,
Or CHAS. S. PEARL, Upper Stillwater.
No. 6 Kenduskeag Bridge, Bangor. 3t23

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Timothy Goldthwait late of Manchester, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SULLIVAN KILBRETH.

April 23, 1883. *23

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Marianna W. Brown late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to HENRY D. BROWN.

Apr. 26, 1883. 25*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Sarah A. Lee, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to G. A. ROBERTSON.

April 23, 1883. 23*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of Walter Bowne, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

KENNEBEC COUNTY. *In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*

JAMES W. NORTH, Executor of the last will and testament of James W. Nourse, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1883.*

SAMUEL TITCOMB, Administrator on the estate of Joseph A. Shaw, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

Plants.

I have this season the finest STRAWBERRY PLANTS ever grown at SUNNYSIDE NURSERY, including the new and standard varieties.

Catalogue sent free.

CHAS. S. PRATT,
North Reading, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE.

FORMERLY known as the "Smith Farm," situated in Gorham, 1¼ miles from Gorham Village, and 2½ miles from Saccarappa; contains about 70 acres of good tillage; plenty of pasture and wood and a large deposit of muck; two never failing springs; land near buildings excellent for market gardening; old orchard bearing 250 bushels of apples in 1881; young orchard just set, containing 100 trees of choice varieties of fruit; grove of elms and maples in front of the house; buildings new, well built and attractive, all combining to make a pleasant and desirable home. The above will be sold at a bargain if applied for soon. Apply to L. L. Smith, on the farm, or GEO. L. DAY, Railroad Wharf, Portland. 21tf

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After the Plow and Harrow,
—WHEN YOU CAN RIDE THE—
BUCKEYE PLOW SULKY.

It fits any Plow or Harrow. It does more and better work with less team and less man than following on foot. It is the time tried in New England and approved. The Whitman & Barnes Mfg Co., Boston. 46tf

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Introduction by Gen. Sherman. Superb illustrations. This great work was subscribed for by Gen. Grant, and 3 hundred of families of men, and is indorsed as the most Valuable and Thrilling book ever written. It sells like wildfire, and is the grandest chance to coin money ever offered to Agents. Send for Circulars, Extra Terms, Specimen Plate, etc., all free. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn. 3m28

California Excursion.

PARTIES under the supervision of A. Phillips & Co., as Managers of the

Poetry.

The Nest in the Apple Tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Blue eggs four,
And nothing more
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Four birdlings brown,
Covered o'er with down,
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
But no little birdlings do I see.
Their wings are grown
And they have flown
From the nest in the apple tree.

Our Story Teller.

A SCRAP OF NEWSPAPER.

Mrs. Moses Miles heaved a sigh of dreary discontent. She had been reading a story on a fragment of newspaper which the dry-goods clerk at the village store had wrapped about a roll of striped shirting that Moses had brought home early in the evening, remarking, as he tossed the bundle in her lap, that he hoped she would "cut the cloth savin', for times is hard, Sary." But times were always hard with Moses, and the caution to "cut savin'," so invariably enforced by the scantness of the pattern provided, was scarcely heeded in this instance by Mrs. Moses, who dropped the blue woolen sock she was footing, eagerly seized on the half-sheet of magical print which enveloped the coarse fabric, while her provident spouse producing from his breast-pocket a short, discolored, odorous and odious clay pipe, stuffed it affectionately from the blackish brown contents of a yellow paper, and lighting it with a pine splinter fired for that purpose, sat down with a grunt of satisfaction, and with a luxurious air of ease began filling the dingy-room with sickening exhalations.

With corresponding care and tenderness of touch, Mrs. Moses smooth out the crumbled bit of paper which the economical store-keeper had prudently utilized, and held it up to the light with a thrill of pleasure at the novelty of the situation, and the prospect of an unexpected and unusual, if somewhat slender feast. For Mrs. Moses had not set eyes on a newspaper in many a day. Moses could not afford to indulge in any such extravagance as subscribing for an article so superfluous and unprofitable as a newspaper. Certainly not, most unreasonable, unsatisfied woman! A poor workingman with a family to provide for, and times so hard! Moses waxed eloquent over a demand so clearly outrageous. But, with the curious consistency of the male animal of the Moses Miles type, he continued weekly to buy, with the utmost cheerfulness, divers ill-smelling parcels with the blackish-brown contents aforenamed, bringing them tenderly home to feed the stumpy pipe, carried sacredly in his breast pocket when not pressed between his lips, and sitting down benignly in the cloud of unholy incense which he nightly kindled, as though smoking his wife and children were a religious duty that the conscience in him would not suffer him to neglect. If they did not appreciate the blessing, or sighed unreasonably for other enjoyments, it simply proved to his comprehensive mind the selfish and irrational quality of their natures, and he puffed serenely on.

So it was that, in a land of intellectual plenty, Mrs. Moses seized with greedy hunger on this bit of mental rubbish which had drifted in her way, devouring it with a relish not easily conceived by those whose cultured taste demand finer satisfactions. It was a story of refined cultivated life, (the opening paragraphs profanely torn off, it is true, but all the more piquant, mysterious and charming for that), with glowing pictures of home comforts and pleasures, with thrilling glimpses of lovers' pains and blisses that softened the poor woman's eyes and quickened the blood whose currents the hard, dreary actualities of her experience had curdled at her heart,—for "all mankind love a lover," says Emerson, and the truest creature is driven soul to soul in his fate. Ah, the dismal contrast between the ideal life of the story and the bare common places of her lot of poverty and toil!

And yet in her maiden dreams had she not pictured a life as fair, a companionship as sweet, gracious, tender and ennobling as ever was portrayed in the pages of romance? Was this stolid, stupid man, with every faculty engrossed that moment in the coarse enjoyment of a sensual, selfish pleasure, the realization of her girlish ideal? Was he the fulfillment even of the promise of his youth, and of the golden days when, all in his Sunday best, with the smirk of the suitor on, he blandly went a wooing? But was she herself the embodiment of her early aspirations—the substantiation of her youthful dream of gracious and beautiful womanhood? Alas, no! and perhaps this was a more harrowing fact than all the rest, viewed with the misery of utter hopelessness, for she felt in a dreary, impotent way that there was nothing she could do now to gain the goal she had missed. One of those women, you know, who are molded by the peculiar circumstances of their lot,—who under favoring influences and with generous support are capable of becoming noble, active and useful members of the social body, but who, taking just as easily the impression of lower conditions and more ignoble surroundings, sink into mere nonentities, and drag through life with a miserable, dejected, discouraged sense of everything gone wrong, and of the utter uselessness of struggle, hope and ambition. With existence merged absolutely in that of a make-shift man, with no aims or desires beyond a state of simple animal wants or pleasures, it didn't appear to Mrs. Moses that there was any use in striving with fate, or in trying to assert the claims of her more aspiring nature; and she had slouched along the thriftless, shiftless ways her lord had led, outwardly submissive, but with inward discontent, and sour, sullen dissatisfaction.

The impression of these things was vaguely felt on this evening while she set reading and regarding the fragment of paper by the light of the small kerosene lamp turned low to lessen the cost of illumination. The influence of the wonderful story was working mysteriously on her deadened brain, and she sat silent and absorbed in the cloud of reflections which this current from the outside world had blown up, heeding nothing about her until Moses, with a loud yawn, stood up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and lighting it with tender care on the shelf, told her she had better go to bed, "for wood is gettin' skurse, Sary, an' we can't afford to burn it out a settin' up for nothin' these hard times."

Whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he flung off his coat, unbuttoned his vest, cast it on his chair, and, loosening his suspenders as he went, turned into the little 8 by 10 room at hand and tumbled himself down to the sleep of the soul content with its husks. Mrs. Moses looked after him with an expression that was not of hate, nor, most certainly, of love. It had not the intensity of either sentiment. It was simply and purely disgust, which the man was too happily constituted to feel.

Then a wild light flashed in her eyes, and, with the movement of a wild animal, she bent her head and left the imprint of her hard teeth deep on either hand. It was the action of insanity, but it brought a kind of relief. Overborne by the intensity of her desire she sank on her knees and all her soul uttered itself in longing, passionate, worldless cry which God, who knows the need of souls so sorely pressed, could best interpret. Never had the dull, sullen calms of her life been so shaken up, bringing her face to face with her own spirit in the presence of the eternal. Sad though it were, experience like this may mark the starting point of growth in spiritual life.

Thinking of it afterwards, Mrs. Moses could not tell how long she knelt in that wordless, yet passionate prayer in which all her needs seemed to utter themselves in speech clearer than her tongue had ever learned. She could recall the sound which, louder than the wild throbbing of her heart, brought her to swift sense of pressing duty at hand; and hurrying, with feet that needed now no spurt, to the little room where her children slept, she lifted in her arms the suffering babe whose thick, husky cry and laboring breath gave warning of the approach of a danger she had often warded off in the dead watches of the night, when only the angels of affliction had witnessed her fear and trembling and shared her devoted vigils. The fire had died completely out in the dark unfriendly little stove, and the air of the room was cheerless and chilling; but with that mother's instinct applied to such simple remedies as she had tested on occasions of similar trouble, and wrapping her tiny patient up as warmly as she could, proceeded to kindle a fire which the meager means at command would have rendered a nearly hopeless task had not the child's renewed agony of itself cut short her efforts. The symptoms of the little sufferer were growing alarmingly worse every instant, and thoroughly alarmed, the poor woman with the gasping creature huddled closely to her bosom, hurried into the adjoining bed-room to rouse her sleeping husband. That worthy responded to her first tremulous, scared call with a prolonged snore.

"Moses, wake up; wake up and help me do something for the baby," she repeated, urging her demand with a shake of the shoulder.

"Ah—h? Oh—h! Um—me," groaned Moses, turning over and snoring more vociferously than ever.

"Moses, do wake up! Oh, Moses! Oh dear!" almost shrieked the poor mother, every nerve shocked and strained by increasing manifestations of danger.

"Eh! What say? Which? Call me—Sary? What—a-h-h—what—the matter?" mumbled the disturbed sleeper, turning over again.

"Moses! don't you hear? Baby has got another spell of croup, and you must get up and go for the doctor, or something—oh dear!" pleaded the woman in a voice that might have roused the dead.

"Eh? Yes, yes!" acquiesced Moses, rousing to a dreary sense of the situation. "Baby got croup agin? Give un goose oil—goose oil, Sary—Ah-h! hum—me! Shouldn't a woke me so sudden. Any need of me gittin' up is they? Don't be scart, Sary. No use. Dear me—anything I can do?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Moses, get up—make a fire—get a doctor! Oh, do something!"

So persistently and wildly importuned, the poor man, with an injured air, pulled himself reluctantly out of bed and slowly drew on his pantaloons, suggesting this expedient and that for the relief of the suffering child, whose condition was growing more critical with every breath, strapping himself up with unusual care and precision, while he mildly remonstrated against the unreasonable fears of his distracted wife.

"You oughter take things more composed, Sary," he urged philosophically. "It don't do no good to get in such a flurry. Dear suz!—but the child does make a dreffal to do. Did ye say ye wanted a doctor, Sary?"

"Moses," spoke the woman with a desperate earnestness that began at last to impress her spouse with a sense of his responsibility, "if we don't get help very soon the baby will die here in my arms."

Maddened, he stumbled out of the house in quest of medical aid.

Left alone with her suffering charge, a strange peace stole over the spirit of Mrs. Moses. There was no longer any struggle. An easeful change, whose meaning she felt she knew too well, was creeping shadow-like upon the little victim, exhausted by her brief but terrible grapple with the disease springing like a wild beast on her trusting innocent sleep. The child's large upturned eyes were fixed on the mother-face with a look in them strange and far away, whose significance the mother-heart could only guess with a thrill of awe. And as if she had a feeling that this was the last hour of conscious communion between her and the babe whose coming had not made her glad, and whom she had pitied more than loved, Mrs. Moses drew the relaxing form closer to her bosom, and looking into the wide wondering eyes, prayed silent forgiveness of the blighted little soul to whom she had unwillingly granted life, denying what she had not to give—the gracious antenatal influences that make existence wholesome, strong and sweet. Mrs. Moses, sitting with her gaze fixed upon the baby's gray, pained face, grew slowly conscious of a light like that of the rising sun streaming in upon her; yet, strangely unlike the lights of this world, it did not bring out the more vividly the barren dreariness of her surroundings. A kind of halo seemed gathering about the head lying still and heavy on her heart, and, as in a dream, she saw the benign, shining faces of angels hovering over the babe, felt the soft, fragrant air from their sweeping fingers as with soft mesmeric touches, more tender than a mother's, they drew the fainting spirit to their close, loving care.

How long she sat under this mysterious tranquilizing spell she did not know, nor could she have believed that alone and unshaken by any storm of grief she had witnessed the death of her child.

The tread of hurrying feet outside dispelled the heavenly vision of Mrs. Moses, and with a touch like a benediction the gracious angel, holding the sleeping babe in her bosom, floated and faded from sight—floated and faded, floated and faded—until, in the dreary, hopeless days that followed, she questioned, with the faithlessness of human hearts, whether it were indeed a reality or only the illusion of an excited brain.

"So, Sary, I've fetched the doctor," said Moses, stumbling, "an' I 's'pose the baby's better, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Moses, very softly, never turning her head.

"Expected so," complained the martyred man, with a sense of injury that, after all, his cold night errand had been in vain. "You oughter be more considerate, Sary."

And with this mild reproof he turned to dismiss the doctor who was just rising from a survey of the child upon the mother's knee.

"Asleep, hey?" said Moses, with humorous nod and wink.

"Yes," said the doctor gravely. "She will never waken, Moses."

"Oh, gracious goodness, doctor, she ain't dead!" burst forth the startled father, rushing forward and taking the limp, lifeless form in his arms. "Poor little Bessie! Poor little baby!" And all the father's heart in him—and it was a soft, kindly heart in its way—broke out in passionate lament and self-reproach. "I can't stand it, seems to me! Oh, Sary!" And laying the unconscious bit of clay on the mother's lap he walked up and down the room with groans and cries of distress quite pitiful.

"The most unfeelin' woman that ever lived," pronounced the sympathetic sisters whom the doctor had sent in to pay the accustomed offices of the living to the dead. "Poor, dear Mr. Miles, though he does take the affliction hard, an it's quite touchin' to hear him goin', on over the sweet, pretty corpse."

Mrs. Moses had no need of the consolation so freely offered on occasions of this kind. She had no need to be told the child was "better off"—that it had "gone where wailin' an' weepin' come no more." She felt all this, sure enough, though she questioned, with the slow uncertainty of a soul feeling blindly after the truth, if God had with purpose taken her baby from the life it had not learned to live, or whether her own ignorance or neglect of law had not untimely broken off the bud and sent it blighted into the nurturing care of Him who marks even the sparrow's fall.

It was such reflections—better say impressions—which the tried and chastened creature in that solemn time to a steely resolution, which, for the sake of the children left, she bound her soul in solemn covenant to keep.

It came out in words on the lovely evening after the burial when, with the two little girls safe in bed, she and Moses sat down, silent and sad, with a strange sense of having been touched by an unseen hand, of having been specially signalled from the mysterious unknown world into which an atom of their life had dropped as a leaf that gives back no sound.

Yearning for solace of a familiar and substantial sort, Moses stretched out his hand to take his cherished pipe.

"Stop, Moses!" warned his wife, staying the action. "Don't stupify your thoughts to-night. I've got something to say to you."

He looked at her with a vague, troubled stare, but dropped the seeking hand.

"D'ye re'lize, Moses, what a miserable, shiftless, grobin', aimless life we're leadin'?" she questioned with an earnestness which sent an arrow of conviction through the armor of insensibility in which he was intrenched like a shell.

"I'm sure, Sary," he whined with feeble sense of injury, "I do the best I can, Sary."

"No you don't Moses! The honest man's soul in you knows better," was the unflinching response. "We're just like two shirky, shiftless old horses on a treadmill, Moses. We're pullin' back, an' hangin' stupidly by our necks, an' complainin' of our hard lot, when a little smart, cheerful steppin' up would lessen our burden, put us ahead in our work, and set us up in our own respect if nothing better. I did use to try to stand right up to the post of duty, but you kept draggin' back and draggin' down till I got so tired and discouraged, Moses, I didn't have heart to step up any more, an' I slipped back and made believe I didn't care. But the hard grindin' of life went on, an' we had to pull up once in a while, or die, as the wheels of the days turned round. And now I've made up my mind, Moses, that I'm not going to live in this slack, slip-shod way any longer. I've made up my mind, Moses, that if we can't walk right up to the mark together without any sneakin' and shirkin' out of the honest work we have the strength to do—if we can't take right hold, brave an' bold, and make something out of our lives, an' build up a home that's something more than a place to crawl an' burrow into for protection from cold an' storm, then I shall take the little girls, Moses, an' start out by myself where I shan't feel the dreadful drag, drag of your weight on my harness."

"Oh, Sary!" burst forth Moses, with tears, looking piteously at the white, determined woman before him, "how can you be so cruel to say such things, and the poor little baby just laid in the grave?"

"It's the precious baby herself as prompts me to say what I do," said the unyielding woman, her own eyes softening with tears. "When I looked my last on little Bessie's sweet face, an' thought of the miserable life of sloth and ignorance to which she would have been raised, I couldn't find it in my heart to be anything but glad that she has escaped it all, an' then I felt what a burnin' shame it is to bring children into the world under circumstances that makes it a matter of thanksgivin' when they're took out of it, an' I vowed a vow that, as I lived, I'd so change our habits an' stir up our pride an' ambition as to give us something more to look forward to an' strive for than the mere gettin', from day to day, enough to satisfy hunger an' cover nakedness. And I'm determined that the little ones left us shall have some chance in the world to make their lives pleasant an' useful, so they won't feel, when they come to years of undestandin', like wishin' they'd died with little Bessie, an' like cursin' us for bringin' them into such a make-shift existence. An' what I have to say to you to-night, Moses, is—if you're ready to take right hold with me an' pull steady in the carryin, out of these new plans, then we will join hands in solemn pledge to do our level best; but if you mean to stick to the old ways I'll have to take the little girls, as I said, an' go away; for I will not live with you, Moses, and bear other children under the old conditions."

"Sary! I'm sure I'll do anything you say, Sary," responded the startled Moses, stirred and thrilled through all his sluggish blood. "I'll do anything you say."

And with the thought to pledge the new purpose, perhaps, he reached out his hand again for the sacred pipe.

"Then you'll begin by flinging that vile pipe away, and promising never to buy another ounce of tobacco," said Mrs. Moses, taking firm advantage of the situation and testing at the tenderest point the man's spirit of concession.

"You—you wouldn't rob me, Sary, of all the comfort I have?" gasped Moses, and in the agitation of the thought the blackened clay slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor.

"Put your foot on it," commanded his wife in her new capacity of captain.

And without knowing for the life of him why he did it, Moses obeyed.

"Now I shall have faith that you'll tread the bad habit under foot," cried the too sanguine woman, with an absolute smile. "When you take hold of things with real live interest an' purpose you won't think of any such comfort as that, Moses. It's a comfort that's stupefied you for a long time. I've thought sometimes it's worse than whiskey, for that does kill a man outright, at last, but this 'comfort' of yours just goes on dullin' an' deadenin' the senses till there's nothing but a mass of selfishness left. Now, Moses, swear to me you'll throw the pipe away again. It'll go hard with you at first, but I'll help you all I can, an' never find a word of fault with you while you're struggling to overcome the habit. Swear Moses."

"I—I—Sary I'd ruther not", faltered the man, who knew better than she the vise-like grip of the insidious pleasure.

"Swear, Moses," insisted the wife as though the oath were the deed. Alas, mistaken woman!

"I—I'll try—I swear I'll try," compromised Moses, wiping the sweat from his face, and dropping nerveless in the chair from which he had risen to take the obligation.

"Oh, God bless and help you!" breathed Mrs. Moses, and with an impulse of gratitude that quite bore her over the barrier of reserve and indifference which had grown up in their married life, she kissed him on the forehead, blushing like a girl in the unfamiliar action, while Moses looked happily foolish.

And then they began laying plans for the future—a most unusual interest—promising themselves to honest, earnest effort in the direction of making their home more pleasant and respectable, and in amending, so far as in them lay, the unfavorable conditions which Moses himself, from a momentarily elevated standpoint, could see had a most depressing influence on the family life.

And in this hour of high resolve we may leave them, knowing well what interminable chapters of discouragements, strivings, and partial though not absolute failures—thank heaven—would have to be recorded if the story went on; yet strong in the faith that such hours are the golden points of life, raying out through lonely reaches of darkness toward the ultimate triumph certain to crown all sincere endeavor at last.

As for the story as it stands—if, in the weeks to come, it might be so distinguished as to form the fraction of a pound of waste paper honestly bought and paid for at current rates by any economical grocer and dry goods man, and, wrapped about a parcel of calico, or supposed indispensable package of saleratus, it should fall into the tired hands of some disheartened Mrs. Moses, shedding dreariness of an evening with her smoking spouse before a low-burning kitchen fire—I shall be satisfied.

Young Folks' Column.

An Ice Freshet on the Aroostook.

"The river's coming over the banks like a flood, Dill, and mother can't get home to-night; that's sure. Too bad! Here she's been gone 'most a week, an' likely to stay for a week to come, an' no knowin' what'll happen. Don't see why such a hue-and-cry must be raised just 'cause Sister Nancy's got a new baby. I was a new baby myself once, an' I know I didn't kick up half such a fuss."

And Ned Scranton flourished a stout black bottle, with a cotton-flannel rag tied about the nozzle, from which he had just been giving two motherless lambs their supper at the barn.

"Why, Ned, do you think there is really any danger?" said Dilly (her real name was Fidelia), running to the window, to look out upon the angry, swollen river.

"Can't tell," replied Ned, leaning easily. "I'm going to get the boat up, and hitch it to the fence in the yard, anyway," he added.

"They have broken the booms, and started the drive before this time; there is such high water," said Dilly. "It's terrible to think that father must be out on the river when it's so fierce."

"Never you fear for father. He is brave, and can take care of himself," replied Ned, proudly. "But see how it's coming up the yard! Dill, I tell you, we must work sharp to keep ourselves and the poor creatures at the barn from drowning."

It was in the spring of 1862, when the ice was going out of the Aroostook. Joe Scranton had been gone nearly all winter up the river, lumbering, and, as he was athletic and active, he had been retained to help drive the logs down to the mills, which, it was expected, would take two months or more.

Mrs. Scranton had been chief manager at home during the winter, but was now called away for a few days by the advent of a new action of the house of Scranton across the river, leaving Ned, now thirteen, in full dominion over the quadrupedal department, while Dilly, a year and a half older, reigned supreme in the kitchen, and exercised unlimited authority over little Patty and Jenny and Jimmy, aged respectively ten, eight and four. All had gone well till the storm began, and the freshet set in.

The house, which was a small, one-story structure, was close down to the river bank, and many a time the water, during the spring freshets, had risen into the yard; yet no alarm had ever been felt that it would rise above the accustomed high-water mark. The barn was beyond, on somewhat higher ground. A little depression lay between it and the house, and even now the turbid river ran quite a current through it.

The children, familiar from babyhood to the mutable freaks of the river, had never seen its rise so rapid.

"We must get out of this," cried Ned, after watching and waiting some time. "It will be into the house in an hour, at this rate, and the barn, too. What shall we do with the lambs and the calves, Dill? I'm afraid they'll all be drowned."

"But we mustn't let 'em, Ned," cried Dilly, energetically. "Come on! We can save 'em, I know."

And bidding Patty and Jenny and Jimmy stay in the kitchen, the two children sallied out into the rain, and waded to the barn, with some pieces of rope and stout string. First catching the lambs they tied their little woolly legs fast together, and carried and laid them on a low mow of soft hay, for said lambs-hearted Dilly, they would beat their poor, little, innocent heads so, if they were laid upon the hard boards, trying to get free.

Then there were the two young calves. To get them up even so high as the low mow seemed almost an impossibility. And then, too, for a long time they refused to be caught, and struggled so fiercely at being tied.

"The little idiots! They don't know anything," cried Ned, with boyish inconsistency.

"Why, they are only calves, Ned," said Dilly. "But how, for mercy sake, are we going to get them up on the scaffold?"

"Do you s'pose we could squeeze 'em into that big barrel, Dill? They are so little, you see. Then we could roll 'em up on the ladder; set it out clear across the floor, you know."

"We can try, Ned. I don't see any other way."

So into the barrel went bossy, but not without a terrible scuffle, his legs very much curled up, and a distressed and scared-looking little bovine face thrust eagerly out from the top of the barrel. Setting the broad ladder at a very gradual incline, they began rolling the bossy, now bawling most piteously, cautiously up toward the low scaffold, each revolution of the barrel bringing his great, pleading dark eyes round toward Dilly, who managed the head end.

All went well till they got to the top of the ladder. Then, as they were about to swing the helpless victim round upon the scaffold, the barrel slipped from their grasp. Over and over it flew down the ladder, the calf going round and round with it, like a soldier in a whirligig, and brought up with an astounding bump against the side of the barn in the leanto.

For a moment, the children stood appalled. It had all happened so suddenly. "Do you s'pose it's broke the barrel?" said Dilly.

"The barrel!" cried Ned, finding tongue. "If it hain't broke the calf's neck, it's a tough one."

And they scrambled down the ladder, with many misgivings.

But the little creature still blinked solemnly, and in the most bewildered manner, as if his brain were yet giddy from his impromptu ride.

"Up he goes again," said Ned. "And we must hurry, too."

At the end of an hour, both calves and lambs were upon the low scaffold, and securely fastened.

The water had now begun to rise about the barn. The cows were turned out of their stalls, and with the sheep were driven, though with great difficulty, over upon some higher land at quite a distance from the barn, where Ned was stationed to keep them from returning, while Dilly went to the house for the children.

But as she neared the barn, she found that the water had gained in depth wonderfully. It was going over the low sill on to the barn floor. The pigs were squealing querulously in their pen in the open shed, and the gray goose swam out from her house with two addled eggs bobbing and floating after her.

The little girl began to be troubled, for the deepest part was yet to come, and the water, now full of ice, was running down in the gully very swiftly. However, she must go on for the children's sake.

Gathering her skirts in one hand, with a pole in the other she bravely felt her way along

As she cautiously advanced, it grew deeper and deeper, till, with a misstep upon a slippery stone, Dilly was swept off her feet. But only for a moment; for, brought up on the river's bank, she was no coward in the water, and grasping her pole, she set it firmly in the grassy bottom, keeping herself from being carried away by the force of the current.

Half swimming, half wading, she managed to reach the garden fence, a part of which yet stood, though every moment posts were torn up, and with the rails, went floating off down stream.

The water was now high about the house, great logs, drift and ice-cakes rushing about its corners. But where was the boat? Ned had fastened it to a post surely. Dilly's heart sank as she realized that it must have gone with the fence.

It seemed a perilous undertaking to the little girl to attempt getting to the door, though but a few yards away, and yet more hazardous one to remain where she was. A happy thought came to her as she balanced herself upon the tottering fence, and calling to the children, who stood frightened and crying at the window, she bade them take the clothes-line and tie it about Carlo—a worthless terrier, which had till now lain snoozing in a corner—making the other end fast in the kitchen, plunge him out into the yard.

No sooner said than done, amidst loud lamentations from little Jimmy, in whose heart Carlo reigned prime favorite. Twice the little, faint-hearted dog returned to the submerged doorsteps, and was ruthlessly beaten away by Jenny and Patty.

But at last, by persuasive calls, threats and alluring cajolings, Carlo was enticed down to the fence, and, with a thankful heart, Dilly grasped the rope, and with the aid of the pole, got up to the house, Carlo swimming after her.

Fog and darkness crept rapidly over the river, and the rain again fell heavily. The water, now running in over the kitchen floor, was still rising, and the children were driven to the chamber, supperless, with anxious forebodings.

"If mother were only here!" murmured Dilly. "Surely she would have seen the way out of this season. Ned will be half-drowned!"

And the little girl's heart swelled with a great longing, sending a sob, half stifled, from her lips.

Jimmy was crying under the eaves in good earnest, Jenny and Patty were whimpering behind their aprons, and Carlo whining a low accompaniment, while the rain beat upon the roof, and the wild river roared and surged, sending great logs and masses of ice grazing and bumping against the house.

Two hours went by, and now, in an interval of the storm without, and within the hearts of the little ones who had succumbed to sleep—fortunately troubles cannot put to flight the somnolent old god from infant eyes—Dilly heard the calves and lambs upon the mow, bewailing their hard condition; and very soon another and a louder voice broke in upon the chorus.

One of the cows, escaping Ned, had returned in answer to the call of her lamenting calf, and was swimming round and round the barn, bellowing most dolefully.

Unselfish little Dilly fell on her knees and uttered one sentence of earnest supplication:

"Oh, Lord! keep brother Ned away from this terrible river!"

She feared he might attempt to pursue the unfortunate creature to the barn.

Hour after hour the rain fell, and the water swashed and broke about the building, when near morning a great crash came suddenly, and the house seemed almost to move from its foundation.

Dilly uttered a wild cry, and sank down unconscious among the sleeping children.

When she came to herself, dawn had broken. She peered apprehensively from the window. The rain had ceased, and the sky was filled with ragged, wild clouds.

Yes, the old house still stood on its foundation, for there was the barn just opposite, with the dove-cot in the gable, where the white doves were even now flying in and out, and lighting on the roof, strutting and cooing with great pomposity.

Dilly ventured near the window, but shrank back appalled at the sight. All about and far away the broad meadows were one great lake, its surface covered with logs and ice and dashed with foam.

She trod softly over the loose chamber floor, for it seemed to her that the little house was ready to go off, too, at the least motion.

A great gurgling and rushing sound seemed to come up from the kitchen, and opening a little scuttle, through which the stove-pipe was thrust in winter, she looked down. There was the stove, and the chairs, and the big round table? And what was the matter with the old clock standing in a corner? And—yes, the windows were gone entirely—not a vestige of sash or pane of glass remaining, and the river was running straight through the house, with blocks of ice grinding through the casements.

It was the ice, shivering the windows to atoms, which had so alarmed Dilly in the night. Yes, the lower part of the house was being completely washed out, and the child thanked God that it was no worse.

"But how can we get away from here? And where is Ned?" thought the girl, shuddering as the cold, damp wind swept up into her pale face.

Where was Ned?

He had looked out for Dilly and the little ones till dark, and after enduring the storm all the early part of the night, running back and forth in the darkness, trying in vain to keep the cows from going back to the barn, he at last yielded to fatigue and the cold, and crawling into a little thicket he spent the remainder of the night in shivering drowsiness.

When morning came the boy was greatly alarmed at the unparalleled height of the water. A sudden fear seized him concerning the children at the house, and he started for a neighbor—a Mr. Loring—living three-fourths of a mile down-river, for assistance. A tributary of the main river lay in his route, now swollen over its banks and its bridge gone, and the boy was obliged to go nearly two miles before finding another place of crossing.

Taking his boat, Mr. Loring rowed up to the Scrantons', keeping well out in the meadow, and brave, womanly Dilly, Jenny, Patty, and little Jimmy were taken down to his own house.

That night the ice went out from Bull's Eddy, a mile and a half below, where it had lodged, driving the water back upon the meadows, and the river, now freed from obstructions, subsided to its natural channel.

The calves and lambs were found alive, though thin from long fasting, but the cow, which had come back to the barn, had drowned, either from exhaustion or being struck by dashing timbers. The pigs were washed away, and one of them was found a short distance below the Eddy, stuck fast in the low branches of a tree, where the force of the current had lodged him.

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BALTIMORE, Md., May 4, 1879.

MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir: I have, in the spring of the year, a faint, sinking feeling in the stomach, and this spring have been so weak that I felt the need of something. A friend who had used VEGETINE advised me to take some, I did so, and it proved to be just what I needed. It builds the whole system up, and makes one feel like a new person.
Yours respectfully,
Mrs. ELIZABETH PORTER,
126 Chestnut Street.

Rheumatism, Indigestion.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 29, 1879.

Dear Sir: I have been suffering from Rheumatism and Indigestion for over two years, and since I have commenced taking your VEGETINE I have received great benefit. I have taken but two bottles, and I think with the aid of a few more I will be restored to my health again. I can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.
Respectfully yours,
Mrs. E. J. LEWIS,
119 N. High St.

Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility.

BOSTON, Mass., May 11, 1879.

Mr. JOSEPH R. GROSE:
Dear Sir: Your cordial recommendation of VEGETINE as a Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier induced me to give it a thorough trial, and I candidly admit that in my experience it is all you have claimed for it. My daughter has always been afflicted with Scrofular humor in a very severe form, and particularly in spring was badly troubled with Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility. The VEGETINE had the desired effect and we are never without it. Its successwas so apparent in this case that many of my friends and relatives have also tried it, with general satisfaction. Any further information will be cheerfully given by
Yours truly,
GEO. R. WILLIAMS,
Health Department City Hall.

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Names and dates are of supreme importance. Testimonies are readily manufactured, but the foregoing is from a letter dated St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 30, 1882, and signed by Rev. Edward Wills, founder of and ex-pastor of the University Street Baptist Church. Residence, No. 913 Spruce, that city. From the very fact of their responsible and prominent position, ministers of the Gospel are cautious about giving their signatures or influence to any proprietary medicine or advertised article. Hence the value of unsolicited testimonials like the foregoing.

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Is Your HEART SOUND?
Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart.
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Ask the most eminent physician
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CHAPTER I.
Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases, or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
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Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
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NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*
ETT M. DOW, Guardian of Belsey Andrews, a, in said County, Insane, having presented and filed account of Guardianship of said or allowance:
ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, Augusta, on the second Monday of April,*

STRAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last testament of Seth Wadsworth, late of in said county, deceased, having been pre- for probate:
ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Court of Probate then to be holden at a, and show cause, if any, why the said in- ment should not be proved, approved and al- as the last will and testament of said de-
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*
PATTERSON, Special Administrator on the of Samuel Wood, late of Augusta, in said deceased, having presented his first ac- of administration of said estate for allow-
ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, prior to the second Monday of ext, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be held at Augus- show cause, if any, why the same should lowed.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

CE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the sub- riber has been duly appointed Executor stat will and testament of Samuel Wood Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, de- tstate, and has undertaken that trust by ond as the law directs:—All persons, there- ring Demands against the estate of said de- are desired to exhibit the same for settle- d all indebted to said estate are requested immediate payment to
JOHN GOWEL.
9, 1883. 23*

NEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, ld at Augusta, on the second Monday of 1883.*
DA BUTLER, widow of Melville H. Butler, Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having her application for allowance out of the estate of said deceased:
ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed gusta, in said County, that all persons inter- ay attend at a Probate Court, to be held at , on the second Monday of May next, w cause, if any they have, why the prayer petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 23*

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, In Advance.

Vol. LI. Augusta, Maine, Thursday Morning, April 26, 1883. Number 23.

Mixed Husbandry.--Corn.

As the season for putting in the seed draws near, our thoughts naturally revert to the subject, and among the most important questions which the farmer at this time has to consider are, the kinds of crops to cultivate and the acreage of each. Of course circumstances have more or less to do with reaching the proper conclusion because much depends upon the character of the soil and its condition, but almost every farmer has more or less land adapted to and in proper condition for several kinds of crops, and the question often comes up, how is it best to divide it up, or what proportions of each of the more important farm crops is it best to put in? Now, we have ever been an advocate of mixed husbandry, believing it best for every farmer, so far as it is practicable, to support his family from the farm, and we have been very much gratified at witnessing a gradual change in the direction here indicated, although the extent to which, in our judgment, it ought to be carried, has not yet been reached. There are still too many farmers who do not sow wheat because they think they can buy western flour cheaper than they can produce it. There is still a larger number especially in this vicinity, who plant little or no corn, depending entirely for this indispensible article of feed and food, upon the western product.

The scarcity of western corn and the consequent higher prices that have ruled during the past winter, will be very likely to stimulate our farmers to put in an unusual acreage this spring, and we sincerely hope such may be the result. It has been demonstrated time and again by careful experimenters, that corn can be produced in this State, take one year with another, for less than sixty cents per bushel, not taking into account the stover which, if properly cured is worth as much as a good crop of hay from the same ground, or from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. In order to raise corn at this figure, certain conditions must be complied with, but none of them are beyond the reach of the average farmer. The land must be put in first rate condition by the use of stable manure and chemical fertilizers in order to secure a large yield per acre, for it requires as much time to plow, harrow, plant and cultivate a poor acre of corn as it does a good one. It should be planted upon land that is measurably free from stumps and rocks so that the cultivator or horse-hoe can be run each way, and the amount of hand labor reduced to the minimum. No farmer, in a fairly good year, should be content with less than sixty bushels to the acre, and from this up to eighty is within the range of possibility with every farmer who has good corn land and complies with the necessary conditions. Good corn land is a sandy or gravelly loam and there are large areas of such land in almost every part of the State. A belt along our extreme northern border is not adapted to corn-culture for reasons which we need not name because everyone understands them.

The past two seasons for corn production in Maine, were not up to the average of the last twenty years. Last year was better than the year before, but in many parts of the State, the corn both yellow and sweet, was ruined by the severe and protracted drouth. But after all, corn in later years, is one of our surest crops, and we do not think farmers should have any hesitancy in putting in the largest area possible, consistent with the general idea of mixed husbandry. There is no farm crop that will quicker and more satisfactorily respond to the application of chemical fertilizers than corn, and if the farmer has an abundance of stable manure, we believe it is always advisable to put superphosphate in the hill to give the young plants a "boom" when they most need it. Its good effects will be seen all through the season, and earlier maturity and the increase of the crop, will richly repay all the extra time and expense in procuring and applying it. Not only is care required in the preparation of the land, but also in the selection of the seed. There are many varieties of yellow corn adapted to our northern climate, several of which are enumerated and briefly described below. Most if not all of them have been on trial in this State for many years, more or less, and each kind has its advocates. We express no preference here, and will only add that whatever the variety selected may be, see to it before planting, that the seed is good. Test its germinating power, if you have not already done so, in the kitchen window or by the fire, and if it will sprout there, it will germinate in the soil of the field. From the kinds here enumerated, other varieties have originated by careful selection which generally bear the name of the persons producing them.

Waushakum Corn.—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. This is undoubtedly the most strictly pedigree variety of Indian corn. Originated by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant upon Waushakum Farm, Massachusetts, by careful selection and skillful breeding from selected stock since 1874. The ear is perfect in shape; about 9 inches long, 8-rowed; about 45 kernels to the row; rows straight and even, full from tip to stem; same diameter at both ends. The kernels are very compactly set upon the very small cob and are flinty, dense and heavy; weight, 64 pounds per bushel. The careful breeding and cultivation of this corn on rather poor soil has given it great hardiness, power to withstand drouth, and great yielding capacity on good soils. It often yields 100 bushels, and has gone as high as 123 bushels of shelled corn per acre; the ordinary average yield is about 80 bushels per acre. The stalks are below the average in height and size, but above the average size of flint corns. Nearly every stalk bears an ear, and often 2 and 3 ears. The small stalks permit thicker planting than larger stalked varieties, which is one reason for its great producing capacity. These characteristics are more fixed by careful breeding than those of any other Indian corn.

Dutton, (Yellow Dutton, Early Dutton.)—Yellow Flint. Ears 9 to 10 inches long, 10 to 12 rowed; rows close together; ears uniform, symmetrical, tapering, well filled at both ends. Kernel as broad as deep, bright yellow color, flinty.

Sibley's Pride of the North.—Yellow Dent, 16-rowed. For nothern and middle latitudes. Ear 8 to 10 inches in length, 1⅞ inches in diameter; uniform, slightly tapering. Cob very small, red. In a test on Barr Oaks Farm, 70 pounds of ears, not selected, produced 60¾ pounds shelled corn, and only 9¼ pounds of cobs, instead of 14 pounds of cobs, the usual proportion. The test was made December 15, 1882, and the cobs had not fully dried. The kernels are closely set upon the cob, are above medium size, long, narrow and thin, of a deep orange yellow color, pale yellow at the outer end. Stalks above medium size, 6 to 8 feet high, frequently bearing two ears. It originated in northwestern Iowa, by careful selection and acclimation during six years, and ripened there in 1881, when all other Dent corn in that section failed. It will bear out the claim of being a "90-day Dent." It has ripened in Vermont and other parts of New England where Dent corn heretofore had been an entire failure. It seems well adapted to all sections of the middle and northern regions of corn-growing countries. It has also been planted in the South, and so far as heard from, in most cases resulted satisfactorily. It is not especially recommended for that section, but is deemed worthy of trial. It is very prolific, yielding 60 to 100 bushels per acre.

Longfellow.—Yellow flint; 8-rowed. This variety is "the result of careful selection, in a family of Massachusetts farmers for 45 years." Ears 10 inches long and upwards; some of them 15 inches; 1½ to 1¾ inches in diameter; uniform, cylindrical shape, well filled at both ends. Cob small. Kernel very large; broader than deep. It is claimed that 200 bushels of ears have been raised to the acre in Massachusetts. Adapted to northern and middle sections.

Early Canada.—(Canada Yellow.)—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. Ear small, symmetrical, 7 to 8 inches, tapering from butt to tip; rows separated into pairs at the butt. Cobb small, white. Kernel as broad as deep, compact, flinty, smooth, of a deep yellow color; of superior quality for bread meal. Stalk five or six feet high, slender, leaves scanty, bearing one or two ears near the ground. Matures very early, ripening in August. The yield is light on account of the small size of the ear, but its extreme earliness makes it very desirable for the more northern sections of the corn belt. When planted south of latitude 43 the stalk grows taller, the ears increase in size, the grain ripens later, and, under careful cultivation, the yield increases. These facts strikingly illustrate the wonderful adaptability of Indian Corn, which in passing from its home in the South to more northern regions, decreases in size and improves in yield and nutritive value. Going still farther north, it grows smaller rapidly, ripens much earlier, and changes its habits and characteristics in many ways. The thus metamorphosed northern varieties, on being planted southward again, gradually change back toward the original forms. Adapted to the northern portions of all corn-growing countries, and for a second planting where the first has failed in more southern sections.

Improved King Phillip.—Copper-colored Flint; 8-rowed. Ears 10 to 12 inches long, uniformly 8-rowed when pure. Cob below the average, pinkish white. Kernel copper-red, or brown, varying to yellow. The change from the copper color is an indication of degeneracy. The kernel is large, somewhat broader than deep, smooth, glossy and hard. Stalk 6 feet high and upwards. In favorable seasons ripens in about ninety days. With good cultivation will yield 75 bushels per acre and upwards; yields have been claimed for it of 110 and 120 bushels per acre. It is largely grown in the Northeast and somewhat in the Northwest. Is adapted to all northern corn regions. Said to have originated in New Hampshire.

Compton's Early.—Yellow Flint; 10-rowed. Ears 10 to 12 inches long, and well filled, often two on a stalk. Kernels, bright yellow; medium size. Stalk 8 to 10 feet high.

Golden Dent.—Yellow Dent; 16-rowed. Ears 7 to 9 inches long; 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. Cob small, red. Kernel long and narrow. This is of similar type to Sibley's Pride of the North, but matures later. Stalks tall and leafy. It is of the general type of the smaller-eared varieties of western yellow dent, and is a good standard sort, but in many cases has become degenerated by careless selection (or none,) of seed. Yield, 50 bushels per acre, and upwards; much less with careless selection of seed, and going as high as one hundred bushels under careful selection and the best culture. Adapted to northern and middle sections; not recommended for the extreme North.

Early Eight-Rowed (New England Eight-Rowed, or Yankee.)—Yellow Flint, 8-rowed. This is the standard corn of the Northeast, from which many of the 8-rowed yellow-flints have originated by selection and improvement, and there are numerous named local varieties which are really but slight variations from this. Ears 8 to 10 inches long, 1⅛ inches in diameter; 8-rowed, well filled under proper cultivation in good seasons, slightly tapering. Cob white, small, but too large for the ear, and thus spreads the rows into pairs, and makes the kernels broader than deep. Kernel a bright yellow, flinty, dense and heavy, smooth and glossy. Color often intermixed with red, or streaked and spotted, or copper-colored, and sometimes a clear, bright red. These admixtures, however, do not, or should not occur in the improved strains offered by seedsmen. It matures early and ripens in the extreme North. It yields ordinarily 40 to 60 bushels per acre, and under the best cultivation 70 bushels and upwards.

The initial article in the May number of the *American Naturalist* entitled "Wampum and its History," is one of much interest. The history of the currency used by the Indians, has never been very clearly written and the testimony of early writers is very conflicting. The article in question reviews briefly the early testimony upon the subject, and condenses into a brief paper all that is known about the origin and history of this curious money. It is stated that the old men of the western tribes still hoard all they can get of it, not so much from a miserly greed as from a religious notion that it is the only thing worthy of being offered upon the funeral pyre of a great chief or departed friend, or sent along with their souls into the spirit-land. The entire number of this valuable scientific journal is worthy of careful perusal.

Hop-Culture—A Caution.

The high price of hops during the past year consequent upon the failure of the crop in Europe, has stimulated the industry of hop-raising to such a degree that farmers in the middle and western states are offering and paying, when they can buy them, one dollar per pound for the roots, equivalent to forty dollars per barrel. The great danger is that the business will be largely overdone and will result in ruin to some and in great loss to many. A few years ago, when hops brought fifty to sixty cents per pound, many Maine farmers planted to such an extent that when the price fell off as it almost immediately did to a sum that hardly paid the expense of picking, they plowed up the roots and gave up the business with such an accumulation of debts that not a few of them lost their farms. We trust that this may not be repeated under the present high price excitement. Hops at twenty-five to thirty cents per pound, are a fairly remunerative crop, but as a paying crop, they are even more uncertain than Kennebec ice. A crop that depends solely for its value upon its failure elsewhere, is necessarily a very uncertain one, and such is the case with hops. Their chief use is to supply the breweries of Great Britain and Germany, and there is only an occasional year when the home supply is not sufficient.

Suppose there should be a short supply of hops in Europe for a year or two to come, and prices should continue as at present, it takes three years from the start to get a crop of hops, and by the time the first profit is realized from the great outlay which the starting of a hop-field involves, the prices are likely to drop so low that great loss if not financial ruin must ensue. The hop industry has ruined many more men than it ever made rich. The outlay necessary to get a field into hops is no small affair. The poles for an acre costs not far from two hundred dollars; the roots cost fifty more at least, and then the dry-house, storeroom, boxes, sacks, heating apparatus and fuel, make up such a bill of expense that the farmer who can put in ten acres, is quite well enough off already, and can do much better than engage in such hazardous business to increase it.

The loss of the use of the ground for two full years is no small item to the average farmer; the land must also be put in first rate condition for corn, and hops are a very exhausting crop. We admit that two or three good crops at present prices, would pay all the cost, great as it is, and leave a good margin of profit. But the chances are largely against realizing such a price. Hops are now worth more than a dollar per pound, a value that is entirely fictitious and dependent solely on the extreme scarcity of the article in the beer drinking countries of Europe. Competition in all departments of business is very sharp—so much so that we need not expect large profits to accrue from any one branch. The apparent exception to this rule in the case of hops, is purely accidental and one which will speedily adjust itself. The prospect may look very flattering at the present time, and those who realized the exhorbitant prices of the past year may hope to do so again, but a reaction must speedily follow and we trust our friends will weigh the subject carefully before extending their operations, or adopting anew, an industry so fluctuating in its remuneration.

The demand for hops in this country is limited, and not to any great extent increasing, and the prices of the product must depend on and be governed by those of other countries where hops are in much larger demand. The price of ice in Maine depends largely upon the amount of ice which forms upon the Hudson River. There is occasionally a good year, but the business is so fluctuating and so uncertain that only a man of large means or a corporation, for obvious reasons, can afford to go into it. Very much like this is hop-culture; hops are worth a dollar a pound now, because the beer-drinking European is ready to pay almost any price for his beverage rather than do without it; next year with a good crop in Europe, there will be no foreign demand for American hops, and the price must fall to almost nothing. Such has been the experience of the past, and if our Maine farmers do not profit by it, the fault will be their own. Possibly the present high prices may prevail another year, and those having hop fields will do well to make the most of them, but any expansion of the industry should be entered upon with extreme caution. So it seems to us.

Going West.

While on the train by the back route recently, between Skowhegan and Danville Junction, we noticed quite a number of young men, nearly thirty in all, who were on their way to the far north west, and who left the cars at Danville Junction, for the Grand Trunk. The conductor informed us that every train going in that direction, contained more or less of these western bound sons of Maine. Some of those we saw had been to the west before and knew just what they were going to, but most of them were young—mere boys—who had never before been out of the State and to whom the western country was an untried and almost unknown region. Reared in pleasant homes where peace and plenty reigned, they little knew of the hardships and privations that await them in the land whither they are bound. Some of them will doubtless succeed there but the road to wealth is by no means an easy one, and where one reaches the goal, many fail even of a competence. We regret that so many of our young men are leaving the State when it offers them such advantages for engaging in remunerative pursuits. We have millions of acres of uncleared lands that should be divided into tens of thousands of farms, where our energetic young men could grapple with the virgin forests, and hew out for themselves and their posterity, pleasant and happy homes. But for this unaccountable disposition to emigrate, by our young men as soon as they reach majority, we might double our wealth and population in a very few years, and take a much higher rank among the sisterhood of States than we now do. We surely wish our young men prosperity wherever they go, but we can but think that they are making a great mistake in leaving a certainty here, a certainty of a comfortable home and a good living among their friends and amid scenes endeared to them by every pleasant association of their lives, for the uncertainties that await every one who engages in the struggle for existence in the great and far off west.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Setting Fruit Trees.

There is no one of the various operations connected with successful orcharding which requires more painstaking care, or is more fruitful of good results in the end, than is that of setting out the trees in the orchard. Indifferent work here is invariably the cause of perplexing delays, and possibly, and perhaps I might say generally, will result in a weakly, stunted, unthrifty tree, if not in its complete loss. In fact the conviction has been forced upon me through a long experience in the care of trees, and has been more and more confirmed in later years, that if a tree does not start well into a vigorous and healthy growth, from defective setting or from a diseased condition of any kind, the sooner it is removed entire and a good tree put in its place the better it will be for the owner. The first cost of a tree is a trifle; the attention, the painstaking care involved in the attempt to revive and re-invigorate a weakly and defective tree will be found many times the cost of a good tree to start anew with. Besides, the delay in the bearing of the tree is a vital matter. Fruit trees are set for the fruit it is expected they will bear. The delay of two, three or more years in the starting into a vigorous growth is a delay of the same number of years more than otherwise would have been the case of coming to a bearing condition, and, what is of greater account still, a loss of just that number of years of fruitage. After all, the greatest loss from bad setting and poor trees is not in the money value of the tree, but is in the delay in securing a bearing condition, and in harvesting the promised fruit. I refer to some instances to illustrate this point. I have transplanted a tree, not a very large tree either, from my nursery to the orchard, and the third year thereafter have picked from it almost a measured bushel of apples which sold for one dollar and a quarter per bushel. In another case I sold several large sized trees to a gentleman in Lewiston, and in five years they were large trees with wide-spreading tops, and were loaded with fruit, chard from the same nursery in the town of Green, is now giving the owner bountiful crops of fruit. In these cases delay would have cost something, as it always does.

There is no need of failures, or of vexatious delays, in putting out an orchard. If such a calamity follows an enterprise of this kind it certainly comes from a lack of knowledge, or from negligence on the part of the operator. Good trees, well set out, in a proper soil and situation, and passably well cared for will surely and promptly reward the owner with an abundance of fruit. Such a result is as reasonably certain as any other of our farm operations.

If possible set the trees early in the spring before it is time for the buds to start. I do not mean that trees cannot be set late and do passably well, but they will certainly do better set early.

People differ, I suppose honestly, as to the distance apart trees should be set. I have recently seen orchards where the trees were only one rod apart; others twenty feet. If the trees were set out to die the arrangement is a good one. I do not set up my opinion as more worthy of confidence than is the opinion of these other men, yet I know of no solid argument which can be brought forward why here in this State, with cheap land and enough of it for us all, we should attempt to crowd a large number of trees into a small space. Two rods apart each way, and claimthey should not be less than thirty feet on any account. When from my experience or from observation among the orchards, I am convinced that the close setting is the better way I shall be pleased to acknowledge my error. A tree and the fruit it bears, needs a free circulation of air around it, and it needs light and sunshine to perfect its growth. The owner, too, needs room to work around it, to cart in mulching and manure, and to pick and cart out the fruit. I have an orchard set twenty years ago which now affords no more room than is needed for the purposes indicated, and the trees are not large either. The number of trees on a tract of land is not the measure of success —the fruit is the final object.

If the land is old tillage the holes should be dug, at least four feet in diameter and eighteen inches deep however small the roots of the tree may be. If the trees are of large size, and wide-spreading roots as many of our home nursery trees are, the hole must be proportionately larger. When a tree is taken from the nursery the extremities of the roots are cut off or broken off in the removal. When it starts into growth at once a large number of fine rootlets start out from the extremity where cut off. It is not sufficient that the hole be barely large enough for the roots of a tree to be placed in position. When these fine rootlets and the feeders of the tree start out for growth and for nourishment for the support of the tree they need and must have a mellow bed to work in. The tree will be checked in its growth and become stunted if this condition is not secured. If the trees are set in new land or in pastures never plowed, where the soil has never been packed by cultivation, there will not be that necessity for care as in old fields. A passable success even, may follow indifferent work in this respect.

A good tree is cheap at any price, and a poor tree can bear no comparison of value with it. What though you may finally make a good tree from the poor one, the time required is a delay of just so many years of bearing fruit. So look out for good trees and set no others. If taken from a Maine nursery, don't spare a few cents additional cost to have them carefully taken up and with the principal parts of the roots left on no matter if they do spread wide. In transporting to the place for setting allow just as little exposure to drying winds and scorching sun as possible; and the less time intervening between the lifting and the setting the better. If these directions have been followed you have only to smooth out the extremities of the broken roots, cut out the superfluous branches, when it will be ready to set. I have tried the cutting back of the branches as recommended by many orchardists, on trees from my own nurseries, and invariably it has proved an injury, as compared with trees not thus treated. The leaves are as essential to the roots as the roots are to the branches. With trees which have been boxed and shipped here from other States, with great, long, thrifty shoots, and with roots cut off well up to the collar for convenience of packing, the case will be different, and the treatment must be different all through. These must be cut back and you must take the consequences because you can do no better.

In setting the tree there should be no hurrying. Pulverize the earth thoroughly with which the hole is filled and take extreme care that all the interstices around and among the roots are packed full, and that the earth is firmly pressed down. The tree should be set no deeper than it stood in the nursery. You may smother a tree by burying its roots deeply as surely as you will a kernel of wheat or corn, only it will be longer dying. If fertilizing is necessary at time of setting use sparingly for Maine trees, of fine old compost, and more liberally for New York trees, but do not put it in contact with the roots unless thoroughly mixed with the soil. A good practice is to spread it near the surface with a sprinkling of earth over it. If the soil has been properly firmed and the tree is not over large there will be little danger of displacement by the wind; but to make all sure, place two stones the size of a man's head upon the ground close to the trunk of the tree.

In the after treatment, with Maine grown trees, it is not necessary that they receive that "high cultivation" that is trumpeted abroad as the necessary thing which was omitted when a failure has been met. The land for three or four years should be kept under the plow and the trees kept hoed or mulched, or better still a little of both. Only the ordinary conditions of good culture such as is given in the growing of ordinary field crops is all that is required to secure a satisfactory growth. It may be possible to secure thrift with the land kept in grass but it will be done at a greater cost.

With New York trees the case is in a measure different. They have been more rapidly grown, have been deprived of a larger part of their root support, and require richer land and more careful culture to maintain and continue a healthy growth. If they do not receive it they become stunted and "sickly," and finally die off. Those who plant this class of stock must govern themselves accordingly or take the consequences.

Dr. N. T. True of Bethel, several years since, in a letter read before the State Pomological Society, related the extreme care he had just taken in planting out an orchard; and he received some criticism as being over particular in his work. Last winter he reported progress, and stated that two of the trees only had failed—one broken down by accident, and the other proved to have been a bad tree when set. All the others have now been top grafted, and are in a healthy and thrifty condition and beginning to bear fruit. The slight extra cost of care in setting has been far more than cancelled by the certainty of the results attained. We can all secure more of certainty when we take the course that leads to it.

Z. A. GILBERT.

For the Maine Farmer.

Among the Farmers in W. Kennebec.

Mr. A. E. Shores of Waterville, one of the leading stock farmers of that town, has a good farm pleasantly located, about midway between Waterville and Oakland villages. He winters from 15 to 20 head of cattle, and about 100 sheep. Has been making a specialty of raising nice steers. At the time of my call last January, he had a tie-up full of last spring calves, 12 head 9 steers and 3 heifers, which I considered a very even and extra good lot of young cattle to find on one farm. He also had one pair each of handsome, nicely matched yearlings, and three year olds. The Hereford blood predominates in his stock, but many of the animals show a mixture of the Durham. His sheep are mostly coarse or middle wools, but he has a few Merinos. Mr. Shores has been paying some attention to orcharding, and has a valuable young orchard just coming into good bearing, besides some thrifty looking trees of a smaller growth.

Mr. W. P. Cummings, with whom I spent the night at Lakeside, has a farm of 175 acres, and cuts about 60 tons of hay. He keeps a dairy of grade Jerseys, and makes a specialty of butter making. He also keeps a flock of about 100 grade Merino sheep, which he is breeding to a buck from the flock of E. Lawrence, Fairfield Center.

At Belgrade a pleasant home for the night was found with Mr. G. W. Robinson, at whose house the FARMER man always finds a welcome. He has a farm of 200 acres, keeps from 12 to 15 head of cattle, and from 75 to 100 sheep. He intends to make a specialty of orcharding, and now has upwards of 800 trees on the farm; one young orchard of 300 trees is particularly noticeable for its thrifty appearance, and he has already sold 75 barrels from it in one season. Mr. Robinson's buildings are located on the height of land from which a very pretty view of the surrounding country, including ponds, is obtained.

I passed a very pleasant dinner hour with Mr. Jos. Hersom, one of the progressive farmers of the town. Mr. Hersom and brother have a farm of 300 acres, about 75 of which are in wood. Their stock consisted of about 20 head of cattle and 100 sheep. Among the cattle were one pair of three years old steers, three pairs of two years old steers, and two pairs of steer calves. I also noticed a thoroughbred Durham bull, two years old this spring, a well made animal that cannot fail to make an improvement in their stock. Their sheep are not fine wools but they have commenced to breed them to Merino bucks, believing that Merinoes and their grade will be more profitable. Among their usual crops are three acres of corn, three acres of wheat, and two of potatoes. They have the early Ohio potato, and speak very highly of it. They have been using superphosphate with very satisfactory results. Mr. Hersom thinks he should pay twice the present cost of it for a small amount, if he could not get it without. He prefers Bradley's to any other that he has used.

At Readfield, I enjoyed a chat with Mr. J. C. Sanford, an intelligent young farmer who is making a speciality of dairying. He has a fine herd of grade Jerseys. He informed me that the 8 cows in milk at the time, made an average of 1 lb. of butter per day during the first half of the month of February. From 7 cows, last year, he made 1575 lbs. of butter, and 300 lbs. of cheese, besides having milk to use in two families. His average profit per cow was $90. Mr. Sanford is also considerably interested in orcharding and has several hundred young trees on his farm. He intends to set more and wishes to know where he can obtain some good Maine grown trees.

Mr. J. O. Butman, another of the Readfield dairy farmers showed me a herd of 7 cows that had come in different times since May, 1882, that were making 6½ lbs. of butter per day. Neither Mr. Butman nor Mr. Sanford keep all dairy stock, as each have a good flock of coarse wool sheep.

Mr. S. Packard of Readfield is making a specialty of raising steers. He keeps some 10 head of cattle. Herefords and Durham grades. I noticed among them 7 two year old steers, all of his own raising, a very good lot. When at the farm of N. G. Lyford, No. Belgrade, I noticed his grade Durham stock, and thrifty looking young orchard of 400 or 500 trees. Mr. Ellis of the same place showed me several pairs of good size well made oxen and a high grade Hereford bull two years this spring, a nice looking animal. Mr. H. O. Frost, Belgrade, had the best pair of large oxen that I noticed in that part of the county. They were Durhams, nicely built, girting 7½ feet.

ELLIS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Stick to Agriculture.

I never take up the old FARMER without finding interesting articles in its columns, or some reading matter that imparts valuable information or leads to reflections. Such was the article from your correspondent at Orchard Mill, in the FARMER of March 29th.

Within the past few years nearly all the sons and daughters of our farmers, as soon as they are of sufficient age to live out, leave the old homestead and go to the cities or large villages, to seek, what they consider lighter or more remunerative employment than working on the farm. They are quite certain to find employment in some of our large manufacturing establishments, and for the time being receive higher wages than they could make by farming. But they do not reflect that the expenses of living in large places are much heavier than in the farming towns, and but very few are enabled to lay by their earnings, and at the end of a year of close confinement in unventilated manufactories find themselves no better off in this world's goods than at its commencement, and perhaps have to leave with broken constitutions and impaired health, which they might have retained if they had continued in the free, healthy atmosphere of their country homes.

One or two dollars a day seem a large compensation to boys and girls, but when they reflect that four or five dollars a week has to be paid for board and lodging, such as they would hardly be willing to put up with at home, or ten to fifteen dollars a month for a small tenement, with perhaps half a dozen other tenants in the same building, with many other inconveniences and expenses not realized by those residing in the country, they will find that their savings at the end of a year are rather small.

A farmer, past the meridian of life, who has a family of boys and girls in one of these establishments, remarked a few days since that when he was a young man and hired out for ten dollars a month on a farm he could lay up seventy-five dollars or more every year, while at the present time his girls and boys were receiving thirty dollars or more monthly and found it hard work to pay their bills. Now, some farmer's boys and girls may ask why this is so? Let them try city life for a year, and they will learn themselves. Not only the expense of living is much heavier in large places than it is in the country, but the inducement to spend money is much greater. They will find that to keep up a good standing with their comrades, they will have to dress more expensively, visit all places of amusement, balls, parties etc., and that their horse hire and excursion bills will make a big hole in their savings.

To a farmer, who thinks himself and family are working hard on the farm for a living, thirty to fifty dollars a month seems a large compensation for his children to receive in a manufacturing establishment, and so it would be if they had no more inducements to spend their earnings than they have in a farming community, but they will find when they have located themselves in a city or large village, that when they are among Romans they must do as Romans do, and if they do not live up to the extravagant style of their companions, and spend their money freely, will soon be tabooed as mean, stingy, country-raised people.

Perhaps some young girls who leave the old homestead in the country to seek employment in cities, where young men are more numerous, may think their chances for a matrimonial alliance is enhanced, but as they are fresh from school, and have had but slight experience in house-keeping, and are no more fitted for house-wives than their husbands are for supporting them, they will be very likely, within a year or two to find their names in the court reports, as among the divorced, when they will find it a happy refuge to get back to the old farm in the country.

The above may seem a fancy sketch to young people, and a look on the dark side of the picture, nevertheless it is one too often realized by those seeking a city life. If there are not farming lands enough in Maine to afford farms for our young farmers, they would be much more likely to lay up a competency for old age by going south or west than they would by making slaves of themselves by laboring for corporations in our large places. T. S. M.

Brunswick.

For the Maine Farmer.

Apples--Old and New.

Perhaps I had better hold my tongue, or rather my pen, but the recent appearance in the columns of the FARMER of two articles on the fruit topic that is perhaps uppermost in my mind, proves too great an irritant, and I must say something. I think both Mr. Gilbert's and Mr. McLellan's articles are in the main judicious, and if taken together and heeded by fruit growers, they will be the means of saving from much loss and dissapointment. Yet I think something more ought to have been said and perhaps some statements modified.

Mr. Gilbert's advice is intended for the main apple growing region of the State, and it is undoubtedly true that the Baldwin is at the head of the list for profit in that region, and the safest kind for a beginner to plant or graft so far as we now know, but with this important exception, the necessity of which is so clearly brought out by the communication from Brunswick, that there are districts within the apple growing region where all attempts to grow Baldwins must end in disastrous failure. That variety can only be grown successfully on Baldwin land, which, as I understand it, is always high and well-drained land, such as most of the hills in Kennebec and Androscoggin counties. If you have such land, anywhere south and west of Bangor, (to put the bounds roughly) you will be pretty sure to be justified in grafting with Baldwin. My personal observation is confined to loamy soil, and possibly another exception to the adaptibility of the Baldwin may exist in clay soil, of this some orchardist located on such soil could speak.

When we come to the other three varieties recommended by Mr. Gilbert, I must enter a vigorous

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, April 26, 1883.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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☞Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Lincoln County during April.

MR. H. G. ELLIS will call upon our subscribers in East Kennebec during April.

Inhumanity.

It is a real tribute to the best instincts of human nature that the public are appalled at the abuses unearthed during the investigations of the Tewksbury alms house. It is but one solitary and glaring case; but the inquiry is raised, how is it with the thousands of alms houses scattered all over this broad land of ours? If an investigation were necessary for this one institution, are others so well conducted as to be above suspicion? Where is the society, church, or organization that takes a special interest in the pauper class? Besides the official visits of the duly appointed officers, but few darken the doors of the alms houses. For instance, to bring the matter right home, who of our citizens know anything about the sanitary condition of the Augusta alms house? They indeed know there is such a place, and in their rides for pleasure the broad acres of the farm connected therewith may have stretched out before them. But as far as any knowledge of its internal affairs are concerned they are entirely deficient. And yet we were told the other day by one of the overseers that it would be about the last place in which he would have a friend make his home. The rooms are old, musty, dirty, unattractive every way. The management no doubt has been kindly; the inmates have had enough to eat, and been properly clothed; but yet the fact remains that the home of the poor of the capital city of Maine has scarcely a single feature of a home, and two thousand dollars ought to be expended on the dwelling house at once. So we doubt not it is with many of the homes provided for the poor and unfortunate throughout the country.

We hail these investigations in the interests of true humanity. Investigations into the affairs of our public institutions are not made any too often. Since the abuses practiced at the State Reform School were held up to the public gaze, there has been a marked improvement in the conduct of that institution. Boys are not now thrown across the yard and the breath knocked out of them; they are not put into a stooping posture, to remain until the brain reels, and the eyeballs are ready to burst; their little limbs are not now loaded down with heavy chains; nor are the mouths of the boys filled with red pepper, if they are caught fibbing. Investigation did a grand thing for the Maine Reform School.

However much Butler may be called a humbug, and accuse him of laying his pipes for the Presidential nomination, let us thank him for bringing to light the hidden enormities at Tewksbury. Besides these abuses, the horrors of the workhouse, so graphically delineated by the master hand of Dickens, would seem to rest upon solid ground and to be entirely reasonable. We did not believe them when a boy, but we believe them now. If there are no inquisitorial implements of torture in them, there are atrocities no less outrageous than the thumbscrew and similar devices of cruelty. The brush of Hogarth and the pen of Dickens never had more stimulating material to work with and upon than the Tewksbury alms house. Our American novelists have been criticised for sensational tendencies in their plots; but now it appears that within an hour's ride of polite Boston (that recently welcomed, wined and dined a prize-fighter) and cultured Cambridge, has long stood and festered an institution so devoured with the writhing, crawling, squirming maggots of inhumanity, that what the Bastile or the Tower of London is to common prisons, and what the inquisition is to trial by torture, that will Tewksbury be henceforth to charitable institutions.

We are prone to forget the poor, the out cast, and the unfortunate. "Rattle his bones over the stones, he's naught but a pauper whom nobody owns," represents a too universal sentiment. Though we may cry over Will Carleton's touching lines, "Over the hill to the poor house," they have been found terribly real in human experience. Children have turned the cold shoulder on the mother who bore them; brothers have sent to charity's cold hearthstone the playmates of their earlier days. We were informed the other day by the public prints that a certain lady of great beauty, wealth and accomplishments, was about to make a protracted and expensive trip to Europe. Farewell suppers are given, and warm goodbyes said. But the father of this accomplished lady lingers in the poor house, and is an object of public charity. And our point is, that when these unfortunate ones, who have become unfortunate through the accidents of life, are neglected and forgotten by even their own relatives, and become wrecked and stranded in these public institutions, cared for by those who have not a particle of interest in them, abuses of the most flagrant character are liable to spring up. The reform demanded is common to all classes of unfortunates who are subject to surveillance and are maintained at public expense, whether for crime or indigence, and whether imbecile, insane, old or young. Wherever institutions, penal, reformatory, or charitable, are formed, there may be found strong temptation to abuse; and he is the truest and best citizen whose instincts are on the side of the unfortunate classes, and is willing that the light of day shall be let in upon the workings of these institutions.

STATE COLLEGE. A special meeting of the Trustees of the State College was held at the institution on Tuesday, to consider especially the matter of building a workshop. Six members of the board were present. It was voted that the Executive committee of the Trustees, together with the President, locate, contract for the building, and superintend the erection of a workshop, as contemplated in the appropriation of the last legislature. The committee will advertise at once for proposals, and will aim to keep strictly within the limits of the appropriation. Everything was found in good shape at the farm, and the spring opens hopefully. The stock wintered splendidly, and is in excellent condition.

The Governor has nominated Charles B. Rounds for Municipal Judge of Calais; also renominated Judge Charles W. Walton of Auburn for Supreme Judge, and Luther G. Philbrook for Trustee of Normal Schools.

Another venerable and respected subscriber to the FARMER has "gone the way of all the earth." Mr. Albert Leavitt, formerly of Augusta, where no was well known and highly esteemed, died at his home in Pittsfield, on the 18th.

Twelve wills were probated at the probate court on Monday, something almost unprecedented in the history of the county, and showing the unusual fatality of the last few months.

VITAL STATISTICS. In 1873, it will be remembered that the legislature passed a resolve in relation to the collection and publication of industrial statistics, and under its provisions a volume was compiled and published entitled "Wealth and Industry of Maine." While it contained much valuable information, it had the appearance of attempting too much, and failed in several important particulars. So the legislature of 1874 neglected to make any appropriation to carry the provisions of the resolve into effect, nor has any been made until the past winter. Gov. Roble, in his inaugural address, called the attention of the legislature to the important matter of gathering statistics, and a small appropriation was made to carry into effect the provisions of the resolve of 1873.

The Secretary of State, Hon. Joseph O. Smith, has set himself about the task of gathering statistics, and will send out blanks to assessors about the 15th of May. The design is to get the best possible data obtainable, and compile a moderate sized volume, showing the financial standing of the State, as also the financial condition of each county, city, town and plantation; also, as complete a compilation as possible of all branches of industrial interests, including agriculture, manufactures of all kinds, lumbering, quarrying, mining, etc. The agricultural statistics asked for will include number of acres under cultivation, including grass land, pasturage, forest, etc.; number of farms, number of land owners and farm laborers, value of farms and farm property; estimated number of tons of hay raised in town in 1882, estimated number of tons of hay sold and shipped in 1882; estimated number of bushels of potatoes raised in town in 1882, estimated number of bushels of potatoes sold and shipped in 1882; number of horses, colts, oxen, cows, young cattle, sheep, swine, mules, and horses sold annually, neat cattle sold annually, and their value.

The manufacturing statistics include the name of party, company, or corporation, the line or branch of business pursued, capital invested and hands employed. The assistance of assessors in this important work is asked. Unless they shall take hold in earnest, the work will be a failure. The law requires them to furnish the statistics called for as completely and promptly as practicable. We trust they may see the importance of this work and each contribute towards its success.

SURPRISING REVELATIONS. During the investigations of the dynamite conspiracy at London, one of the prisoners, Norman, turned informer, and made some surprising revelations. He testified that his real name was William Joseph Lynch, and that he was born of Irish parents, in the state of New York. He worked in October last at a coach builder's in Brooklyn; at that time he joined a secret society in New York, the object of which was to free Ireland by force; the members went by numbers. There were other associated clubs; the managers of the clubs were known as district members. They were not known to each other by name. Members were selected to go on missions. He was sent to Dr. Thomas Gallagher, another of the prisoners, who lived on Manhattan avenue, at Greenpoint, Long Island. Gallagher told him he was to go to London. He would know what for when he got there. Gallagher gave him $50, and told him to take steerage passage by the steamer Spain, under the name of Norman. Gallagher gave him $100 more and told him to go to London and inquire at the American Exchange for a letter addressed to him. Lynch did not want to go, as he had relatives to support, but finally went. Gallagher gave him a small box. He examined it on the steamer, and finding it contained a spring which worked by pressure, he became alarmed and threw it into the sea.

Lynch reached London on March 22. He met Gallagher in London the 27th or 28th. They walked past the scene of the Westminister explosion. On his asking Gallagher if "that's what we are going to do?" the latter answered, "Yes." Gallagher viewed the houses of Parliament, and said, "They will make a great crash when they come down."

Lynch deposed to further statements of Gallagher as to what destruction was to be wrought. He said he inferred from the talk of his co-conspirators that O'Donovan Rossa was in the scheme. Rossa was referred to as the "old man." Lynch also testified that he went to Birmingham to see Whitehead, at Gallagher's request, for "some material." Gallagher gave him money to buy a presentable trunk in which to put the stuff he was to get from Whitehead. Whitehead put him in the way of getting the India rubber bags. Lynch continued all the evidence published at the hearing last Thursday as to Gallagher having called for him at Fletcher. He said that when Whitehead was loading the nitro-glycerine into the rubber bags he told Lynch that 50 pounds had been taken away that morning. Whitehead also told him he would soon know what the liquid was. Lynch further testified that Gallagher met him when he returned to London from Birmingham with the nitro-glycerine. He had never seen any of the persons before except Gallagher and Whitehead.

Lynch fainted while his deposition was being read over, and had to be removed from the court room.

O'Donovan Rossa and other Irishmen in New York claim not to know Lynch or Gallagher. One prominent Irishman says the person who went to Ireland with Gallagher, has not yet been arrested. The residence of Gallagher at Green Point is partly unoccupied. The house appears to be guarded night and day.

POACHERS. Detective Wormell of Bethel, has recently captured some twenty-two moose and deer poachers in the vicinity of Moosehead lake. Some of these men were famous hunters in that region who made a very handsome thing out of their spoils. Some of them kill as many as fifty or sixty moose out of season, and, from them and the hides for moccasins, and the meat for edible purposes, they realize a large sum. Mr. Wormell went direct to the camps. One of his comrades played sick, and thus learned how a large quantity of moose-meat and hides was to be moved out of the reach of those confounded officers who were coming to catch them. In the middle of the night the signal was given, and over the hard crust of the snow the poachers were tracked and caught. Then Mr. Wormell went to Patten and thence into the wilderness. He says no one can imagine the quantity of moose and caribou he saw. It was wicked to kill them, for not one of the females was in condition, and the hunters were simply pursuing a system of extermination by shooting the animals during close-time. Nobody has any idea of the people engaged in poaching. Men of position and influence who would scorn to wrong a neighbor a cent, see no harm in breaking the laws in regard to game.

TRIP TO EUROPE. Miss Morgan, the accomplished Principal of the Portsmouth School for Young Ladies, has issued her programme for another vacation trip to Europe the ensuing summer. The tour will occupy eighty-one days, and the principal points of interest to tourists in the old world will be visited. The party will be very select, and leave New York in the Red Star steamer "Waesland," the largest ship of that line, on the 23d of June. Miss Morgan will be accompanied by Mlle. Gangloff, an eminent teacher of the French language, born and educated in Paris. The high character of these ladies and their success in previous trips, is a sure guarantee that young ladies committed to their charge will be in careful hands. The itinerary is an interesting one, and the opportunity for ladies to travel in Europe is rare and excellent, and cannot fail to be one of enjoyment and profit, as the previous trip was to those who joined it from this region. Details may be ascertained on application to Miss A. C. Morgan, Portsmouth, N. H.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Thursday, successfully passed through a very delicate surgical operation in Boston, which was a result of a wound received in the war of the rebellion. The operation was performed by Dr. Joseph H. Warren, M. D. He was assisted by two eminent physicians, and anæsthetics were administered. At 8 o'clock Thursday evening Gen. Chamberlain had rallied from the effects of the operation and the ether, and Dr. Warren reports that all indications point to the General's speedy recovery.

On Fast day afternoon, the Academy nine, at Fryeburg, had a game of base ball with a picked nine of Fryeburg, on the ground back of the Academy. The game resulted with 40 scores for the Academy nine and 31 for the Fryeburg.

Robie Rowe, son of Robert Rowe of Richmond, aged 16, was drowned Saturday forenoon, by the upsetting of a sailboat. George Getchell, his companion, was rescued by a brother of the drowned boy. A diver is searching for the body.

E. P. Mayo, of the Somerset *Reporter*, returned home from Florida, yesterday, completely restored to health, we are glad to say.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS. Tolman Brothers, Union, last season fitted up a cider mill 30x40 feet, two stories, with basement. The mill is run by a ten horse power Baxter Portable engine. The grinding is done with a Boomer and Boschest grater, capable of grinding from one to three hundred bushels per hour. The pressing is done by a press manufactured by the same firm, of 135 tons pressure, capable of pressing out from 40 to 50 barrels of cider in a day of 10 hours. The pomace is laid up in cloths, Clark's Patent Pomace Holder being used. The intention of the Tolman Brothers is to do custom work and manufacture pure cider vinegar for the market.

Whgate, Simmons & Co., have run a carriage shop at Union, Knox County, for nearly thirty years, manufacturing all grades of carriages from common riding and express wagons, to the nicest top carriages in the market, also hearses of all grades. Their reputation is A, No. 1, not only at home, but in all parts of the country. A large part of their work is on orders from the South and West, also from the British Provinces. For some years past they have been unable to fill all their orders. In order to meet the increased demand for their work, additional members have been taken into the firm, the design being to about double the working capacity of their shops.

Frank Pullen, Union, has recently built a mill on a small stream a mile or two from the village, with circular board saw, cylinder stave saw, shingle machine, and header for fitting lime cask heads, all first class machinery.

The water power at South Union, on which are located Brown Brothers' organ manufactory, Marston Brothers' furniture and casket manufactory, S. W. Jones' iron foundry, G. H. Jones' machine shop, and a saw mill, has not failed for a single day during the severe drought of the past fall and winter.

SENSATION OFF HALIFAX. An evening paper of Halifax, N. S., publishes the following: An American fishing schooner arrived off the port on Saturday evening, and attracted attention by displaying unusual signals. She proceeded in as far as the York redoubt and holding off and on during the night, was a mystery to the men at the military signal stations. Then she came to anchor immediately off Point Pleasant, and after daylight her name was found to be Alsilla. Some of her crew came ashore in a boat and were loafing about the point.

They told some of the engineers stationed at the forts there that they were looking for bait. While the schooner lay there Saturday evening, the guard at Point Battery were aroused by a fer.yman from Northwest Arm boat house, who reported that the grass by the shore was on fire, and there was danger of the fire spreading around and into the battery. A corporal and five men were sent and successfully extinguished it. It was supposed to have been set on fire by a careless match from some loafing smoker, but others said that it had been set on fire by a boat's crew from the schooner, and might have been a signal.

It is a coincidence that two or three other American schooners had been at anchor up the arm for some time previously, and on Sunday afternoon one of them came around to the city. Heavy guns were heard firing in the direction of the point at noon Sunday, and were supposed to be from some of the forts there, as if for ball practice, but this was not acknowledged by the guards. The Alsilla disappeared Sunday night without reporting herself.

THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT. We have already announced that the Hallowell Granite Company has secured the contract for building the monument at Yorktown. The sum to be paid is $66,752, the work is to be completed October 18, 1884, the anniversary of the surrender. Under contractors give bonds of $20,000 for the satisfactory completion of the work. The monument is to be built of fine granite, will be 97 feet 2 inches in height, and will be crowned with an allegorical figure 13 feet high. The inscription contains 1488 letters, with polished faces, raised one inch. The sculptor's work, including the allegorical figure crowning the monument, the alti-relievi of thirteen figures surrounding the drum, the capital shield and palm, bands and stars on shaft and the four bas reliefs, one on each tympanum of the die, is to be done by skilled men after models approved by the Monumental Commission. The drum bearing the figures in relief will be two courses in height. The crowning figure and the drum will be of the statuary granite of Westerly, R. I. The remainder of the monument is to be light colored granite. The inscription on the front of the die will give the facts of the surrender on October 19, 1781, after a seige of nineteen days. The rear inscription will state that the monument is erected in pursuance of a resolution of Congress adopted in 1781, and an act of Congress approved June 7, 1880. On one of the sides will be a statement as to the alliance with France in 1778; and on the other side the inscription records the provisional articles of peace concluded Nov. 30, 1782, and the definitive treaty of peace concluded Sept. 3, 1783, between the United States of America and George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland. The drum will bear the following: "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny." Work upon the monument is to begin at once.

THE ALMATIA HEAL CASE. Our readers are familiar with this case at Lincolnville. The coroner's jury has recently had an investigation of the affair, Prof. Carmichael, who analyzed the stomach of Miss Heal, found two-thirds of a grain of strychnine, a sufficient amount to cause death. The arsenic was found in it and carefully wrapped in two papers. Dr. Johnson said that on Saturday morning last he discovered in the bottom of the tin box, outside the papers, a small quantity of a different powder, which he analyzed and found to be strychnine. The inference is that the paper of arsenic had been placed in a box that once contained strychnine. Dr. Brown testified that the girl had been dead three hours before he was called. James Heal, the father of the girl, said he visited his wife at the asylum in Augusta; when referring to the death of her daughter she said—"I did not poison her, she poisoned herself if she was poisoned," and concluded by saying "that the contents were some where about the old chamber." In reply to a question by County Attorney Wallace, Mr. Heal said—"Almatia remained on the lounge until about ten when she went to bed; my wife went up stairs with her; my wife offered her some camomile tea, but she did not drink it; Almatia complained that the old cider which she drank intoxicated her; she was trying to vomit, but couldn't; wife and I went to bed; first I heard of Almatia after this was when she cried out—'Oh, i'm dying, come up and I will tell you where my porte monnaie is;' she was in agony when I went up; never knew of any poison to be kept about the house; had some cider four weeks old in an old liquor barrel." The jury returned a verdict that the girl come to her death by poison. It is not known whether the case will be brought to the grand jury.

THE POCASSET MURDERER. Freeman, the man who in a fit of frenzy murdered his little child Edith, at Pocasset, Mass., some four years ago, and who was subsequently committed to the asylum at Danvers, is now considered perfectly sane. For some time he has been under merely nominal restraint, being allowed to travel about with a single attendant, pay visits to friends, etc., and there have been no symptoms of a return of his malady. There is an indictment for murder pending against him in the supreme court, and his case will come up at the term which begins May 1st at Barnstable. Freeman, at the time of the murder, said he was inspired and commanded by the Lord to offer up his child as a sacrifice. He has now no recollection whatever of having committed the crime, and says his inspiration must have come from the devil. There is much speculation as to the final disposition of the case, but it looks at present as if all that could be done is to release him on his own recognizance.

At midnight Monday, fire broke out in the shovel handle factory of Turner & Son on Main street, Dexter, and spreading rapidly involved the hardward store of N. Dusten & Co., the store house of the same firm and a three-story building on the south owned by Charles Bassett. All were destroyed. Turner & Son lost all their machinery and stock, valued at $3000, with no insurance. Dusten & Co., lost four buildings and stock and valuable patterns. Their total loss is $10,000; insurance about $7000. Bassett loses $1000; insurance $500. The Dexter woolen mills lose patterns worth $1500; no insurance. A. Abbott & Co. lose $300 in patterns; no insurance.

A hearing has been had before the Governor and Council relative to the appointment of special constables to enforce the liquor law in Kennebec county. No appointment has yet been made.

THE WILD WINDS. A Wesson, Miss., despatch says a frightful cyclone passed over Wesson, and Beauregard, a mile above, about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The wind for three days had been blowing a gale. The approach of the storm was made known some minutes beforehand by deep rumbling sounds, windows in dwellings shaking with violence, and many intelligent people thought it an earthquake. Thunder roared and lightning flashed with alarming force and vividness. Fences were torn down, trees uprooted and cast hundred of yards away. East of the railroad in Wesson the damage was light, but in the western portion of the town the destruction was awful. As soon as the storm somewhat abated and the people began to look about, the church bells rang out. People were seen running in all directions toward West Wesson. The rain was pouring in torrents. In Peach Orchard street an indescribable scene was witnessed. This street was lined with a large number of houses, in which operatives of the Mississippi mills are domiciled, and here the greatest destruction occurred. People were seen on all sides sobbing, and the groans of the wounded beneath the ruins were appalling. Dwellings were torn to atoms, and a pine forest just beyond was blown out of existence. The work of removing the dead and extricating the wounded from the ruins then began. One man died from excitement. Doctors were soon upon the scene and did all in their power to relieve the suffering wounded. They estimate the number killed at twelve, and two or three children are missing. One hundred and fifty or 200 dwellings were blown down. The number of people with broken limbs is estimated by the physicians at 65. They were removed as fast as possible to houses which had escaped injury. Several dead lay out in the rain more than an hour after the storm. The dead were laid out, and coffins made for them.

At Beauregard the scene is absolutely appalling. Beauregard is a mass of ruins. Not a house is standing in the place. The dead, dying and wounded are the same as at Wesson. The list of dead and wounded comprised five killed, eight fatally and thirteen severely injured. Another special says fifteen persons were killed at Beauregard.

At Americus, Ga., 25 people were killed; farm crops ruined. From those sections of the Mississippi visited by the cyclone it is reported that 83 persons were killed and 300 wounded. The loss of property is unprecedented.

A cyclone passed over Eastman Ga., early Monday morning doing great damage. The house of John Register was blown down and his two children killed. Samuel Harris' house was demolished and his wife and children badly injured. Almost $10,000 damage was done at Chattanooga. The cyclone was terrible through Southern Georgia. Loss of life, farm houses, residences, cattle and produce, is very great. On the Natchez and Columbus Railroad the town of Tillman is destroyed and several people killed and wounded. On the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad the town of Lawrence suffered terribly. Reports from other places and from the county show that the storm was widespread and destructive.

A DECENNIAL ANNIVERSARY. Odd Fellowship is well represented in Augusta, by Asylum Lodge, that comprises in its ranks some of the best working material among the young men of the city. Having reached its tenth year, that anniversary was celebrated on Wednesday evening last, by a large gathering of the order and invited guests at Meonian Hall. Mr. A. J. Cameron called the meeting to order, and in a neat speech, nominated Mr. J. S. Hobbs, (a charter member of the lodge,) as chairman, who accepted in a graceful speech. Prayer was offered by Rev. S. G. Sargent. An address on the subject of Odd Fellowship, was then made by Rev. Thomas Tyrie of the anniversary of the surrender. The contractors give bonds of $20,000 for the satisfactory completion of the work. The monument is to be built of fine granite, will be 97 feet 2 inches in height, and will be crowned with an allegorical figure 13 feet high. The inscription contains 1488 letters, with polished faces, raised one inch. The sculptor's work, including the allegorical figure crowning the monument, the alti-relievi of thirteen figures surrounding the drum, the capital shield and palm, bands and stars on shaft and the four bas reliefs, one on each tympanum of the die, is to be done by skilled men after models approved by the Monumental Commission. The drum bearing the figures in relief will be two courses in height. The crowning figure and the drum will be of the statuary granite of Westerly, R. I. The remainder of the monument is to be light colored granite. The inscription on the front of the die will give the facts of the surrender on October 19, 1781, after a seige of nineteen days. The rear inscription will state that the monument is erected in pursuance of a resolution of Congress adopted in 1781, and an act of Congress approved June 7, 1880. On one of the sides will be a statement as to the alliance with France in 1778; and on the other side the inscription records the provisional articles of peace concluded Nov. 30, 1782, and the definitive treaty of peace concluded Sept. 3, 1783, between the United States of America and George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland. The drum will bear the following: "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny." Work upon the monument is to begin at once.

THE ALMATIA HEAL CASE. Our readers are familiar with this case at Lincolnville. The coroner's jury has recently had an investigation of the affair, Prof. Carmichael, who analyzed the stomach of Miss Heal, found two-thirds of a grain of strychnine, a sufficient amount to cause death. The arsenic was found in it and carefully wrapped in two papers. Dr. Johnson said that on Saturday morning last he discovered in the bottom of the tin box, outside the papers, a small quantity of a different powder, which he analyzed and found to be strychnine. The inference is that the paper of arsenic had been placed in a box that once contained strychnine. Dr. Brown testified that the girl had been dead three hours before he was called. James Heal, the father of the girl, said he visited his wife at the asylum in Augusta; when referring to the death of her daughter she said—"I did not poison her, she poisoned herself if she was poisoned," and concluded by saying "that the contents were some where about the old chamber." In reply to a question by County Attorney Wallace, Mr. Heal said—"Almatia remained on the lounge until about ten when she went to bed; my wife went up stairs with her; my wife offered her some camomile tea, but she did not drink it; Almatia complained that the old cider which she drank intoxicated her; she was trying to vomit, but couldn't; wife and I went to bed; first I heard of Almatia after this was when she cried out—'Oh, i'm dying, come up and I will tell you where my porte monnaie is;' she was in agony when I went up; never knew of any poison to be kept about the house; had some cider four weeks old in an old liquor barrel." The jury returned a verdict that the girl come to her death by poison. It is not known whether the case will be brought to the grand jury.

THE POCASSET MURDERER. Freeman, the man who in a fit of frenzy murdered his little child Edith, at Pocasset, Mass., some four years ago, and who was subsequently committed to the asylum at Danvers, is now considered perfectly sane. For some time he has been under merely nominal restraint, being allowed to travel about with a single attendant, pay visits to friends, etc., and there have been no symptoms of a return of his malady. There is an indictment for murder pending against him in the supreme court, and his case will come up at the term which begins May 1st at Barnstable. Freeman, at the time of the murder, said he was inspired and commanded by the Lord to offer up his child as a sacrifice. He has now no recollection whatever of having committed the crime, and says his inspiration must have come from the devil. There is much speculation as to the final disposition of the case, but it looks at present as if all that could be done is to release him on his own recognizance.

New York city has 2000 ragpickers, whose collections are valued at $750,000 per year, while the handcarts engaged in the same business gather $3,000,000 worth. The entire rag trade of the country reaches about $30,000,000 annually.

The last class in book-keeping for the season will commence at Dirigo Business College on Monday, May 7. About forty students graduate this month.

Prof. F. A. Robinson, so long a teacher at Kent's Hill Seminary, has received an appointment in the Portland custom house.

The next meeting of the Maine Beekeepers' Association will be held at Grange Hall, Dexter, May 10th.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color, and makes the hair vigorous and abundant.

City News.

Rev. Mr. Sanderson, pastor of the Methodist church, will be transferred to another station. Mr. Sanderson has been stationed here several times, and is popular not only among his own people, but with the public generally.——The spirit and purpose of the social meeting at the Congregationalist vestry, Fast day, were interrupted and subverted by the performances of a couple of cranks, one of which "dropped into poetry." When the ministers decide to return to the good old practice of preaching on Fast days, calamities like that will be averted.——Mr. Safford of Vermont, special agent of the Pension department, has been in the city looking up difficult cases that constantly arise under the pension act.——Fast day was a day of great beauty, and was observed in the usual manner in this city and vicinity. It was a splendid day for gardening and house-cleaning, and was improved by many for those purposes. In the evening there were illuminations by garden bonfires.——In the interests of humanity, in the interests of good government, in the interests of peaceful households, and good neighborhoods—*shut up the hens!*——Mr. E. C. Allen, the extensive publisher in this city, on Monday sailed for Europe. He says he will return with additional business for his establishments.——One of the inmates of the jail in this city has correspondents who are very considerate of his feelings. They address him at "the northeast corner of State and Court streets." That sounds better than simply "Kennebec Jail."——The saw mill of Messrs. Sturges, Lambard & Co., east side the river, has started up for the summer's work.——On Thursday, Mrs. Throckmorton, a lady about to act as housekeeper at the Arsenal, fell on the steps of the Augusta House, and fractured her collar bone in two places.——Rev. Mr. Hall of Meriden, Conn., has declined the flattering call to the Granite church in this city. The anchors were down two firmly at his present home for him to leave.——Mrs. O. H. Fellows, *nee* Nettie Milliken, formerly of Augusta, has been successful in securing the position of solo soprano in the church of St. Bartholomew, corner of Madison Square and 44th street, New York city, at a salary of $1,000.——Dr. Harlow, who is about closing his long term at the Insane Hospital, is looking around for a house-lot on which he will build a residence, as it is his intention to continue a citizen of Augusta.——Mr. Blaine will leave Washington about the 1st of June for this city, where he will spend most of the summer at work on his book. He has collected material which will keep him engaged for the summer.——It certainly looked like spring to see the steamer "Della Collins" sailing proudly to her wharf Saturday noon, with a large freight for our merchants. The "Star" arrived at her wharf in Gardiner at 10 o'clock on the morning of that day.——Tuesday evening a party of friends gathered at Mrs. Peaslee's, the music teacher in this city. The evening passed very pleasantly with piano and violin music by Mrs. Peaslee and Mr. Skillens. Piano music books were furnished by Miss Belle C. Perkins of N. Augusta.——John Fossett has been elected Captain of the Capital Guards, and H. M. Heath, First Lieutenant. Capt. Fossett formerly commanded the company.——At the annual meeting of the Williams school district, three directors were chosen, viz: J. H. Manley for three years; Wm. H. Williams and Wm. H. Libby each for one year. Voted to hire an assistant teacher for the Grammar school.——Josiah M. Mayberry, of Bangor, the well known commercial traveller, who has been for several years in the employ of a Portland firm, has been taken to the Insane Hospital.——Unusual attractions are offered in the new advertisement of E. Rowse's establishment. Goods of fine quality have been placed down to the lowest figure.——Mr. Everett Stone has added to his coal business by buying the business of Mr. John DuLon, who continues in very feeble health.

Kennebec County News.

C. Marshall Weston of Belgrade, one of the County Commissioners, has received intelligence of the death of his brother, L. B. Weston, at Dodge Centre, Minnesota, at the age of 62 years. Fifteen years ago Mr. Weston sought a home in the Western country, where he has reared an intelligent family of four children, who give promise of making their mark in society.——Some of the young men of Waterville are forming an Agassiz Society, for conference in their Natural History studies.——The quarterly meeting of the Kennebec county Reform Clubs in Waterville, on Friday last, was one of much interest. The forenoon was given to business, and the evening to discussion. The platform in the evening was well filled with speakers, who used the time closely, and consequently to a late hour. Among them were two ladies, Mrs. Crossman of Bangor and Mrs. Pepper of Waterville, who commanded marked attention. Rev. Dr. Pepper and several other clergymen made brief speeches, and the delegates of the various clubs made out an evening of rich work for the interest of temperance.——The cheese factory at Winthrop, will start up on Monday, April 30, under the management of W. F. Lacroix and S. B. Cook. The factory will be raised two feet this week, and a brick basement nine feet high put under. Will Robinson has taken the contract for $600. The creamery will be put in operation at the close of the cheese season.——Postmaster Thomas has entered upon his duties of carrier of early growth of most farm crops. The prejudices of the old-time farmers are gradually, but surely, being overcome. The almost universal verdict now is emphatically in favor of the use of Superphosphate as an adjunct to barn manure, and when so used it rarely fails to give satisfaction. Occasionally we hear of a farmer who condemns its use, and still puts his "shovelful of old manure" in the hill, and at harvest has a crop conspicuous only for its litleness. But when manure hauled directly from the barn cellar to the field, and evenly incorporated with the soil, is supplemented with three hundred pounds of Bradley's Phosphate in hill or drill, the crop which follows at once convinces most of these "old fogy" farmers that "something starts it along wonderfully."

My experience is that corn will mature ten days or two weeks earlier if this Phosphate is used. I have used Bradley's Phosphate several years in succession, and in every case, and on every crop, it has maintained its reputation as a first-class fertilizer, and given me good results. I have also used other makes in competition with Bradley's, but prefer Bradley's to all others, and shall use it exclusively next spring under my sweet corn. L. K. LITCHFIELD.

A boy paid his first visit to one of the public schools the other day as a scholar, and as he came home at night his mother inquired: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully!" he replied in an excited voice. I saw four boys licked, and one girl get her ear pulled, and a big scholar burned his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day."

"What salary do de Lord call you from, Mars'r?" asked a clergyman's colored servant. "I get a thousand dollars here," said the clergyman meekly. "An' how much de Lord call you to?" was the next question. "I expect $3,000," was the reply. "Marse," said the servant solemnly, "when de Lord call you back from t'ree thousan' to one thousan', I spec he hurt he's voice before you come."

Camp-meeting songs are getting to be the brightest jewels of poetic literature. The following is given as a *bona fide* song at a colored camp-meeting it New Jersey:

"I have a praying father,
He prays three times a day,
And the angels hist the winder
To hear my father pray."

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

For eight years there has been an unrestricted liquor traffic in Switzerland. The result is appalling. A large proportion of the earnings of the people is expended on drink. Workmen are known often to waste four-fifths of their wages in this way. In Geneva, where the citizens live commonly in flats, it is computed that hardly a house can be found which does not contain a wine-shop, tavern or coffee-house. The most respectable townsmen are drunkards drinking from morning to night. Nothing can save the whole people from degradation but restrictive or prohibitory laws.

Editor's Table.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine for May has come to hand. All of its departments—illustrated and literary, are full of timely and entertaining matter. The opening article is a striking and novel presentation of the salient features of San Francisco. Published by Harper Brothers, New York.

The Century for May, with its freightage of good things, is received, and may be found at the book stores. Published by the Century Co., New York St. Nicholas is also received.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published "On the Wing," an interesting, fresh, and entertaining volume of travel and adventure, of an elegant writer, on a trip to the Pacific, giving a glimpse of the wonders of that wonderful land. Price $1; for sale by J. Frank Pierce.

The same publishers have issued an elegant story book for girls, by Mary Lakeman, entitled "Ruth Eliot's Dream." Sold by Pierce.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Items and Incidents.

Another editor has been rewarded. Fuller of the Rockland Courier has been made Pound Keeper.

Absolutely the best Plaster ever made. The *Hop Plaster* is composed of Fresh Hops, Balsams and Gums. Weak Back, Side Ache, Sore Chest, and all pains are speedily cured by its use. Apply one. Only 25 cts. at any drug store.

Evangelist Moody says he does not fear infidelity half so much as he does the cold formalism which is creeping over Christianity—the want of heart, fire, interest and enthusiasm.

OH! THE MIGHTY VOICE. Homer says of Ulysses, one of the Greek heroes in the grest Trojan war: "You had thought him a fool, so stiffly he held his sceptre, and so downcast were his eyes; but as soon as he began to speak—oh, the mighty voice, and the words thick as falling snow." Looking at a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, one would never suspect its concealed power, greater than the eloquence of Ulysses. But when it begins its work with a patient who is afflicted with any Kidney or liver disease, "Oh! the mighty voice," and the wonderful healing effects produced in an incredibly short time. As there was but one "wise Ulysses" in all the camp of the Greeks, there is but one Hunt's Remedy in all the list of kidney remedies; and there is none that works such marvellous results. Physicians have discovered this, and freely prescribe it to their patients; and multitudes of the cured sound its praises.

Minnie, a 10-year-old daughter of I. E. Ayres of Falls Village, Conn., was burned to death by a bonfire Wednesday night.

The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the several diseases peculiar to woman forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—*Dr. Haskell.*

Fred Douglass is soon to marry a very accomplished and a very handsome woman, almost white, and many, many years his junior. Mr. Douglass' wife died a year or two ago, and although he is about 66 years old, he has a perfect right to marry, providing the girl is willing. He is said to be worth $100,000.

Side by side with the old family clock on the mantle shelf place a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. You will need it in the coming months. Trial size 10 cents.

A rare act of practical Christianity was performed by a New Haven lady when, on Tuesday she took to her home a girl whom her son had basely betrayed.

One of the highest, most sacred, and imperative duties of every person is to alleviate human suffering and save human life. If you are not afflicted with heart disease, advise your friend, who is, to use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. It is the one absolutely infallible specific, and costs only one dollar a bottle.—*Medical Journal.*

A sensation has been occasioned at Boylston Mass., by the marriage of Miss Alice Flagg, white, belonging to a wealthy family, to George Hazard, colored, a former laborer on her father's farm.

Now is the time when birds mate—read adv't. Send 25 cts. for Holden's new Book on Birds, to G. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Sq., Boston.

A large number of applications for space have been made to the committee having charge of the preparations for the woman's exhibit at the coming New England fair, and many more are expected. These give assurance that the woman's department of the fair will be a success.

Hundreds of persons using Ayer's Hair Vigor, certify to its efficacy in restoring the hair to the health and beauty of youth.

At a fire at Sacramento, Cal., on Friday, seven persons were killed and others badly injured.

Deserving of Confidence. There is no preparation which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds should try them. Price 25 cents.

An Iowa man tied one end of a long cord to an aching tooth and the other to a heavy weight, which he dropped from a fourth story window. Two men were taken to a hospital in an ambulance—one with a broken jaw and one with a broken skull.

"Old birds are not caught with chaff." Therefore seek and find the pure golden grains of health in Kidney-Wort. Women, young or

ems of General News.

St. Lawrence is clear of ice.

ry D. McDaniels, democrat, is elected nor of Georgia.

coronation of the Czar has been or May 27.

President is back at Washington, in ealth.

young ladies and three children rowned at Rochester, Mass., Saturday eing upset in a skiff.

id progress is being made in the conion of the Vermont Central and Ver- and Canada Railroads.

e trial of the Phœnix Park murderers, ry failed to agree in the case of hy Kelley, and he is having another

ices from New Mexico say that Gen. broke camp at Wilcox, Monday ng, and started for Guadaloupe Canith three hundred troops, two hundian scouts and twenty-one wagons.

ers have been received by officers of ortsmouth branch of the bank of nd, threatening the destruction of building by dynamite. Detectives in consequence been detailed to the building.

. R. Conkling will deliver the ora- New York Decoration Day. Hon. R. Hawley has been invited to de- he oration on the same occasion in lyn.

mob attacked O'Brien's circus at , Delaware, Saturday evening, shoot- e of the proprietors fatally and eight employes seriously. Dissatisfaction he show was the cause.

iel Curley, the second of the group soners indicted for the murder of Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix has been found guilty and sento be hanged.

enty or more persons have been arin Ireland, on the charge of a conspiracy to murder landlords, agents and ers. Two of the prisoners have informers.

alf-dime of 1804 sold in New York week for $400—just 8000 times its ic value. Coins of this date are so that even the cabinet of the United mint is without a specimen.

rs is received from the northwest of British Columbia of the drowning ssrs. Chapman and Penn, two misies attached to the Presbyterian misby the upsetting of a boat.

people will breathe freer now that know the testimony on the star route as terminated. The arguments of el are now being made, with the ect of a happy termination of the by the time of the early frosts.

t Sunday 800 steerage passengers d at Boston from Liverpool, and on llowing Sunday 1200 more will arrive. belong to a class of "assisted emis," that are flocking to this country Ireland.

U. S. Supreme Court has just de- that machine shops, engine houses, other industries that might disturb e while at worship, cannot be erected o a church, to the injury of the propfireproof.

"old sixth," of Massachusetts, that entered such obstacles in passing gh Baltimore at the outbreak of the ion, has just celebrated its twenty-d reunion. Gen Butler made a thrilland eloquent address.

conflagration at Cleveland, Ohio, day, destroyed $100,000 worth of rty. It broke out in the planing, and blind mill of Davidson & House, boarding houses were destroyed, the es barely having time to escape with lives.

civil service commissioners have red their rules for examination of dates for office. The rules are said simple, effective and practicable. cants will not have to go to Washingut will be examined in their respective s.

nes Thomas and Edward Barlow, the rades who robbed the Normansville, post-office and shot the wife of Postr Normile, who is now dead, have been ted. During the sacking of the postthey declared that if any one appehed they would shoot, saying, "We new Jesse James gang, and don't orget it."

eral Hazen has telegraphed the er observers in the West Indies that to the failure of Congress to provide e cyclone reports the work on that h of the service would cease on the nst. It is probable that some private gement can be made to continue these vations before the season for them es, September and October.

hteen prominent Nihilists have been cted at St. Petersburg. Six were emned to death, two to life-long servi- and the remainder to terms of imnment varying from 15 to 20 years. s been resolved to hold another trial hilists at Odessa previous to the coron of the Czar. Fifty persons have arrested for Nihilism during the last . They include military officers, g ladies, teachers, students, workingand soldiers.

ong the most frequent attendants on dious and protracted star-route trials ro ladies whose striking beauty makes the subject of admired comment. e two ladies show constant interest in feature of the trial, and their patient ntiring watchfulness can but be noted dge, jury, counsel and spectators. are sisters born in Aakansas. One wife of ex-Senator Dorsey and the the widow of Peck, who was indi- with Dorsey.

e cabinet session at Washington, Monwas devoted to the consideration of gn affairs and the new civil service ations. The matter was discussed of ms in the United States actively enin aiding and directing the dynamite ers in England. The members genr expressed their views as to what the y of this country should be in various ated contingencies which might arise of the manifest disposition of Irish rs to use this country as a basis for ks by means of dynamite and nitroerine upon the English government English people.

erican express agents in Milwaukee, y, discovered a package of dynamite ning 25 pounds, which was shipped Newark, N. J., by the Adams Ex- Co., and turned over to the American ess Co. on Thursday at Chicago. It no marks to indicate its deadly conbut was directed to the Milwaukee nt Co. When delivered by an American Express Co.'s driver the officers in the nt Co.'s employ said it was dynamite the package was returned to the ican express office and lay on the alk for some time. The Express Co. that it is only fuses. Experts say mount was sufficient to blow an exatrain to atoms or to demolish a whole

burning of the provincial Parliament e at Quebec, Thursday night, involves y loss difficult to estimate, since the ds and books can never be replaced any circumstances. The library of volumes is regarded as a total loss. nsurance on the library alone was 00 and on the books and furniture, 00. The excitement was very great, re following so closely as it did the tion at Rideau Hall. Many thousands ople gathered about Mountain hill, between Dufferin terrace and the d battery, a picturesque district well n to tourists. The contract for erecte new Parliament houses have already granted to the amount of $350 000. extensive conflagration has occurred elhi, India. Two thousand houses been destroyed and a great number milies are destitute and homeless. al of the gay bazzars were destroyed, e flames then made a detour through of the side streets and came out again main thoroughfare at a point in the ty of the old buildings comprising the t palace of the Shah Jehan. The mosque, which was built by the Shah in the seventeenth century, and cost 00,000, was badly scorched. The c quarter of the native college was ged considerably, and the Persian er almost destroyed. Several of the hools scattered throughout the city burned.

gang of tramps attacked the agent switchman at the Grand Trunk station aticook, Province of Quebec, about Sunday, with clubs and stones. The retreated to the station and closed oors, which the mob tried to break an alarm was given and Mr. James , a carpenter, and Mr. T. B. Tarkey, ord of the Queen's hotel, who were g the first on the ground, were roughly ed, Mr. Watts receiving two severe wounds and a badly injured wrist the bludgeons of the gang. The s retreated towards Island Pond, ed closely. Two were taken in the three swam the river and were taken wamp in Barford, and two in other s, so that before night seven of them in confinement. They will be tried. ow began in an attempt of the agent ve away one of the tramps who was ing about the station.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, April 25, 1883.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2288; sheep and lambs, 8420; swine, 12,481; veals, 155; horses, 88. Number of western cattle, 1958; northern and eastern cattle, milch cows, etc., 330.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 62½@7 25; first, $5 75@6 50; second, $4 50@5 62½; third, $4 00@4 37½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00@3 87½.

Brighton Hides—7½c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—6½@7c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6c per lb.; heavy, 7c per lb.

Country Tallow—4@4½c per lb.

Calf Skins—11@12½c per lb.

Sheep and Lamb Skins—$1.25@3.00 each.

Sheared Skins—25c each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Pr, per 100 lbs	Live wt.	Average weight
J. Stetson & Co.,	12	6 75	"	1250
do	10	6 85	"	1361
do	11	6 90	"	1185
do	10	6 60	"	1142
Fitch & Eames,	9	7 00	"	1412
do	8	7 00	"	1307
do	11	6 80	"	1135
do	12	6 75	"	1086
C. Leavitt & Son	17	7 00	"	1410
do	10	6 70	"	1255
do	17	6 60	"	1150
do	19	6 60	"	1150
do	4	6 90	"	1300
J. McFlynn	5	6 75	"	1100
do	6	6 40	"	1000
A. N. Monroe	20	7 00	"	1390
do	23	6 80	"	1300
do	37	6 75	"	1257
do	36	7 12½	"	1400
do	15	7 25	"	1460
do	28	6 87½	"	1200

There has been a larger supply of western cattle brought into market this week than there was last. Most of the cattle were of a very good quality, but few lots selling for less than 6½c. per lb., live weight. A few very extra beeves were sold at 7¼c. per lb., live weight, but most of the sales ranged from 6½ to 7c. per lb., live weight, for butcher's cattle. Prices have declined ½@¾c. per lb., from those of our last quotations.

Working Oxen—A few pairs each week is all the market requires. We note sales 1 pair, girth 7ft 2in., live weight 3200 lbs., $190; 1 pair girth 6 ft., 6in., live weight 2500 lbs., $130; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 8in., live weight, 2800 lbs., $150; 1 pair, 7ft. live weight 3000 lbs. $180; 1 pair, girth 6ft. 6. live weight, 2600 lbs., $125; 1 pair, girth 7 ft. 6 in., live weight, 3500 lbs., $200.

Milch cows, springers, etc. Trade has not been very active for common grades. We note sales of 1 new milch cow at $50; 1 new milch cow, $70; 1 do., $50; 1 do., $50; 1 do, $41; 1 cow and calf, $50, and 3 springers at $35 each.

Veal calves in good demand, at 3½ to 7c. per lb., live weight, or $2@5 per head for poor quality.

Sheep and Lambs.—The supply for the week were all owned by butchers, sheep costing, landed at the yards, 6—@7½c, and lambs, 7¼@8½ per lb., live weight.

Swine. Western fat hogs cost, landed at the slaughter houses, 7½ to 8¾c per lb., live weight. On store pigs prices are from

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25

FLOUR—We quote sales at $3 50@4 00 for Western Superfine; $4 25@5 00 for common extras; $4 75@6 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $5 00@6 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $5 25@5 75 for Michigan, $5 50@6 50 for Ohio Indiana and $5 75@6 75 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $7 25@7 75 and winter wheats at $6 25@7 00 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at 3 00@3 00 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $3 75@4 00 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 6 25@6 50 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

GRAIN—There is a dull feeling for Corn and prices are lower. We quote the different grades of mixed and yellow at 72@73½c per bush., as to quality. Oats have been arriving quite freely and prices are lower, with a moderate demand. The sales of No. 1 and extra white have been at 61@62c; No. 2 white at 57½@58 and No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 55½@56 per bush. In Rye the sales have been at 75@78c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $21 00 and 21 50 Fine Feed and Middlings at $21 00@23 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal $26 00@27 per ton.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is firm. The sales of prime clear at $16 50@17 00 for prime; $19 75@20 00 for mess; and $21 00@23 00 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $11 00@14 00 per bbl. for mess, $11 00@14 00 for extra mess, and $14 50@17 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 11¾@12c per lb., for city and Western Smoked Hams are selling at 12¾@13½c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—In butter sales, Western sell at 27@28c for choice, and 24@26c for fair and good; Northern creameries at 25@27c for choice, and 22@24c for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairies at 22@24c for choice, and 20@21 for fair and good; and Western ladle packed is selling at 19@16 for choice. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 14¼@14¾c; fair to good at 12@13¼ and common and skim at 5@10c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 18@19c., for Eastern and Western. Beans are in steady demand. The sales of choice pea beans have been at $2 40@2 45; choice mediums at $2 20@2 30; yellow eyes at 3 40@3 45. Red Kidneys are selling in small lots at $3 50@3 65 per bush. Choice Canada peas are selling at $1 10@1 15, and common at 85c@95 per bush. Potatoes have been in demand. We quote Eastern Rose at 90c@$1; Northern Rose at 85@95c; Prolifics at 90c@95; Pearless and at 85@90.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.

APPLES—Evaporated, 18@19; dried Western, 9@9½; do Eastern, 8 50@9 00. Eating apples, $4 00@4 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—20@22c for choice family; Vermont, 22@25c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $2 90@3 00; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 50.

CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory new 14½@16c; N. Y. Factory, 14½@16.

COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $3 50@4 50; Spring X and XX $5 50@6 50; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 00@6 50; Common Michigan, $6 50@7 00; St. Louis winter patents $6 25@7 25.

FISH—Cod Ship's $6 00@6 25; Shore $6 50@6 75; Herring $5 00@5 75; Sealed per bx 23@27c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $11 75@13 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 73c; oats 58c; cotton seed, car lots $28 00; cotton seed, bag lots $30 00; sacked bran, car lot 23 00@24 00; sacked bran, bag lots $25 00; middlings, car lots $25 00; middlings, bag lots $26 00; rye, $1 30.

LARD—Per tierce 12@12½c per lb; per tub 12½@13½c; pail 13½@13.

PROVISIONS—Fowl 16@18; chickens, 18@20c; turkeys 24c; eggs 20@21 cents; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $13 50@14 00; pork backs $23 50@24 00; clear $22 50@23 00; hams 13@13½.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, April 24.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1655 head; market active; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $0 00@— 00; extra at 9 25@0 55; first quality at $7 50@9 00; second quality at $6 75@7 25; third quality at $4 50@5 25.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@250; milch cows and calves at $30@48; yearling $13@20; two years $18@35; three years, $25@45; Farrow Cows, $17@33; fancy, $50@80.

SWINE — Receipts 9,342 Western fat Swine, live, 7¼@8½; Northern dressed hogs at 9½@10.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 3187 head; sales of sheep in lots $3 00@5 00 each; extra $3 00@6 50; lambs 6½@8½; Veal calves 3@6.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, April 25.

WOOL—The demand for Wool is not so active, but there is a steady demand and prices continue to be well sustained. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 40 for X, 42@43c for XX, and 45@46c. for XX and above; and XXX. Michigan and X fleeces have been selling at 45c for heavy, up to 38@40c for good X In combing and delaine fleeces there has been considerable doing. The sales have ranged from 43@46c for fine delaine, and 47@50c for fine and No. 1 combing. Unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces have been selling at a wide range of prices. Desirable lots of fine and medium are scarce and held quite firm. California Wool has been quiet, and sales at 19@31½c. for fall and spring.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, April 24.

Hogs—Receipts 10,000 head; shipments 2,600 head; weak; mixed 7 10@7 30; heavy at 7 50@7 90; light at 7 10@7 65; skips at 4 30@6 80.

Cattle—Receipts 2,600 head; shipments 3,400; exports at 6 20 @6 40.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.

APPLES—Green 4 00@4 50 per bbl; No. 2 $2 25@2 50.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 90@3 00; Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25. German beans 2 20@2 30.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 18@23; Ball Butter 20@25.

CHEESE—New 13½@14½c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 60 per cwt.

EGGS—16@17c per dozen.

FLOUR—$6 50@9 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 80; oats 60; barley 75c.

HAY—$10 00@12 00; pressed $13@15.

STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per pound.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5½@6¼c. dividing on 90 pounds; wool skins 50@1 25c; calf skins 12c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15 @20c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10@1 15 per cask; cement $2 00; plaster, $6@6 50.

LARD—11¾@12c.

MEAL—Corn 75@78; rye $1 15@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 95@1 00 cents per bushel; onions $1 30@1 50 per bushel; cabbages $3.00 per hundred lbs.; Squash $4.50 @5 00 per hundred lbs; Sweet Potatoes, 3 75@4 00.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11@11¾c; beef per side 9@10c; ham 12½@13½c; fowls 15@18c; lamb 8½@9c; mutton 8½@9c; veal 10@11c; chickens 18@20c; round hog 8½@9c; sausages 14c; turkeys 18@20c; geese, 14@15c; ducks, 12@15c.

SHORTS—$26@27 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

The market has been quiet during the past week. Pea beans are a little weaker, and are selling at $2.90 per bushel. Eggs are coming in quite plenty and bringing 16 @ 17c. per dozen. Western tierce lard has dropped ½c. per lb. New Bermuda onions are worth $1.25 @ 1.50 per crate. Salt pork has fallen off, and clear backs are selling for $22.00 @ 22.50 per bbl. Spring lambs are worth 20 @ 25c. per pound. Beef has advanced from ¼ @ ½ c. per lb. for all grades.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.

APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., $3 75@4 22. Greening, per bbl., $3 75@4 25.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $3 00@3 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $3 00@3 10.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb; fair to good, 18@20; good, 20@22c per lb.

EGGS—18c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 57c @60 per bush; corn 84c. HAY—$10@11 per ton; pressed $11@12.

POTATOES—Early Rose, per bushel, 72 @80. Burbank, 70@75c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, 9@9¾; chickens 17@18c; turkeys 22@25c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, April 24.

United States Sixes,	3's,	(reg.)	103
" "	5's	(reg.)	102¾
" "	New 4½	(reg.)	113
" "		(coup.)	113
" "	New 4's	(reg.)	119½
" "		(coup.)	119½
" "	Pacific 6's	'95.	127

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla? Try it.

"I began the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment just as I was taking a bad cold; *the cold passed off without settling on my lungs, or otherwise hurting me.* Have had no pain or rattling in my lungs after the first two weeks' treatment. It works mysteriously on my whole system. I am stouter and weigh more than for years." Dr. So writes one of our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen *sent free.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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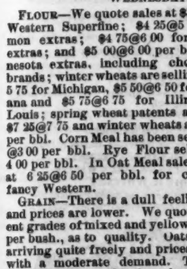

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 9 106 Wall St., New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* 1y9

Married.

In Atkinson, April 8, Edward E. Tewksbury to Hattie L. Levenseller.

In Brooklin, April 14, George A. Sawyer, M. D., of Milbridge, to Lillian A. Friend of Brooklin.

In Cooper's Mills, April 7, James A. Noyes to Carrie E. Bowden, both of Jefferson.

In Chocolate cove, Deer Island, March 13, John C. Dixon of Indian Island, to Ada H. Leonard of Leonardville, both of Charlotte County, N. B.

In Chelsea, April 4, Julius Greeneberg and Helen M. Farnham.

In Deering, April 9, Bainbridge F. Coffin to Celia E. Crocker.

In Dover, April 4, Geo. Elms to Hattie F. Bearce; April 10, Geo. E. Howard to Fannie S. Boynton.

In Long Island Plantation, April 6, Adelbert Wilton Lunt to Rosanna Murphy; April 9, Samuel Currier to Rebecca Davis.

In North Vassalboro', April 7, Andrew J. Babb of Vassalboro', to Carrie Hamlin of China.

In Oakland, April 14, Louis W. Miller of Waterville to F. Belle Cornforth of Oakland; Feb. 10, Edgar F. Mathews of Oakland, to Abbie M. Baker of Bingham.

In Peak's Island, April 17, Robert Geyer to Mrs. Nancy Thompson, both of Friendship.

In Portland, April 19, C. H. Purington of Harpswell, to Mary T. Carr of Bowdoinham.

In Rockland, April 11, Edward W. Merrill to Linda Merrifield.

In St. Albans, Apr. 15, Henry C. Prescott to Anna E. Emery.

In Solon, Apr. 10, Asher T. Heald to Alice L. Getchell, both of Anson.

In Skowhegan, Apr. 14, John L. York to Cora B. Atkinson.

In South Hope, Apr. 1, Almon S. Maxcy of Union, to Viola Tolman of Camden.

In The Forks, Mar. 27, Arthur B. Durgin to Emma Farley, both of West Forks; Apr. 9, Sherman Bean to Matilda J. Safford.

In Union, April 14, Dea. Augustus Vaughan of Union, to Mrs. Lydia A. Simmons of Appleton.

In West Paris, April 16, Alden E. Shield to Cora B. Martin, both of Greenwood.

In Waldoboro, April 2, Arthur A. Buck of Searsmont, to Anna A. Achorn, of Waldoboro.

In Weld, Apr. 19, James M. Lapham to Mrs. Nancy F. Cummings.

Died.

In this city, April 24, at the residence of F. W. Kinsman, Mrs. Julia A. Butler, aged 42 years, daughter of G. C. Greely, Esq.

In Athens, April 5, Joseph Dow, aged 85 years

In Bangor, April 19, Deborah A., wife of Thomas D. Luscomb, aged 59½ years.

In Biddeford, April 6, Lucy, widow of Jeremiah Wadlin, aged 79½ years; April 6, Albert Berry, aged 65¾ years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Marietta Fountain, formerly of Eastport, aged 46 years.

In Clinton, Martha C., wife of Thomas B. Stinchfield, aged 73 years; Huldah, wife of Daniel Holt, aged 79 years.

In Cambridgeport, Mass., April 16, Thomas F., infant son of Charles and the late Abbie D. Brewer.

In Cornville, Apr. 15, Mrs. Arville W. Frost, aged 70 years.

In Camden, April 12, Melissa, wife of Amos W. Heal, aged 44½ years; Apr. 14, Mrs. Margaret T. Norwood, aged 75¾ years.

In Cushing, April 14, Hannah F. Hathorne, aged 90 years.

In Deer Island, Apr. 14, Elizabeth Tressartin, aged 76 years; Apr. 14, Minnie B. Emery, aged 18 years.

In Eastport, Apr. 11, Anna E. Folsom, aged 42 years.

In Freeport, Apr. 11, Chas. C. Perry, aged 24 years.

In Oakland, Apr. 14, Calvin Crowell, aged 76 years; Apr. 5, Mrs. Sarah Hussey, aged 86¾ years.

In Otis Island, Apr. 16, Elias Cross, aged 75½ years.

In Pittsfield, April 18, Albert Leavitt, aged 88 years, formerly of this city, and one of the original subscribers of the FARMER.

In Rockport, Apr. 10, Horace Packard, aged 81 years; Apr. 15, Erastus Payson, aged 70¼ years; Apr. 16, Charles Barrett, aged 75 years.

In Rockland, Apr. 12, Samuel Hansen, aged 90 years; Apr. 16, Wm. A. Simonton, aged 36½ years.

In Saco, Apr. 16, Margaret, widow of the late Wm. Stone, aged 77¾ years; Apr. 11, Phebe L. relict of Wm. D. Boulter, aged 79½ years.

In South Thomaston, Apr. 17, James P. Haskell, aged 21¾ years.

In San Francisco, Cal., Apr. 3, Henry C. Sampson, aged 53¾ years, formerly of Medford, Mass.

In Thomaston, Apr. 10, Mrs. Jane Blackburn, aged 91¾ years.

In Tremont, March 19, Mrs. Hannah Walls, aged 48¾ years.

In Vinal Haven, Apr. 16, R. L. Bowman, aged 87 years.

In Waterville, Apr. 18, Nathan Perry, aged 79¾ years; Apr. 14, Lucy E. Dunbar, aged 43¾ years.

Wanted!

A smart, capable girl, to do general housework, good pay. Apply to or Address

Mrs. HOWARD OWEN,
23tf 92 Sewall St. Augusta.

The Biggest Thing Out ILLUSTRATED BOOK Sent Free.
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A GOOD ODD FELLOW.

MR. CUTLER, OF 21 LYONS ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—HOW HE TAKES LIFE EASY NOW, AND HOW HE OBTAINED THE MEANS TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH.

Mr. Cutler, of 21 Lyons St., is a faithful Odd Fellow, and for forty years a member of Quinipiac Lodge No. 1, (the oldest organization of its kind in the State of Conn.) He is a man much respected in New Haven. Your reporter found him at his pleasant home on Lyons street one afternoon, taking life easy. "You see," he says, "I'm trying to make myself feel a little indisposed. I presume its the lingering results of a Lodge dinner which I attended a while ago down at the beach. I have been, as many of my friends in New Haven know, a sufferer for years from indigestion and biliousness. When I have indulged in too hearty food I've had to suffer at times extremely. As a result I've had to place myself under my physician's care often, and I have taken a great many remedies, but I find after a thorough trial that Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is the most excellent medicine I have ever had knowledge of for any of the disorders above mentioned. It leaves no exhaustive effects, but rather strengthens and regulates the digestive organs in a charming manner. We keep it as a household medicine, and I have recommended it to my friends, for it is an excellent preparation."

Mr. Cutler is a man whose word can be depended upon. His testimony is but a re-echo of the words of thousands in New England who have received relief from the sole use of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Apr

For Boston.

STEAMER

STAR OF THE EAST.

Will, until further notice, run as follows:

Leaving Gardiner every Monday and Thursday at 3 o'clock, Richmond, at 4, and Bath at 6 P. M.

Meals on board steamer, 50 cents.

The New Steamer Della Collins

Will leave Augusta from the company's new wharf, foot of Winthrop street, every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30 P. M., Hallowell at 1.45 P. M., connecting with the above boat at Gardiner. Will leave Central wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Fare from Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner and return, $3.00. Single Tickets to Boston, $2.00.

For further particulars inquire of

W. J. TUCK, Agent, Augusta.
OFFICE 161 WATER ST.
H. FULLER, Hallowell, General Agent.
Augusta, April 25, 1883.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S

IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

☞For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent and beneficial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest award and prizes at both Centennial Dairy Fairs.

☞But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made,

☞And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

☞BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

☞If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (66)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

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A very successful Sunday School Song Book.

BY J. H. TENNEY AND E. A. HOFFMAN.

"We are delighted with it.—The only one in use in this vicinity.—Ought to be in every Sabbath School in the land."

The above extracts from a letter correspond with the general impression of those familiar with the book, which is, that it is one of the very best ever published.

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MINSTREL SONGS, - $2.00

Plantation, Jubilee and other songs. *A great success.* Piano or Organ accompaniment.

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New and superior selection of the best Piano pieces.

GEMS OF ENGLISH SONG, $2.00

Continues to be a great favorite, being the best general collection of sheet music songs in the English language.

Charming Cantatas for the end of the musical season.

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Acts at the same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. Thousands have testified that it is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell KIDNEY-WORT

Meadow King Mower

THIS FAVORITE MOWER still commands the attention of the farmers of the world. For several years we have been unable to fill all orders. I suggest that parties intending to buy give the subject early attention.

☞Descriptive Catalogue free.

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23tf

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use WILBOR'S *Compound Cod Liver Oil and Lime,*" a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by S. W. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

EVERY ONE Who Owns a WAGON Wants A EUREKA FOLDING CANOPY TOP. Folds up into small space. Weighs less than 12 lbs. Can be folded or put on in 30 minutes. Made in sizes to fit business wagons, pleasure wagons and buggies. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Agents wanted everywhere. State where you saw this. D. T. BEERS & CO., Patentees and Mfrs., Sandy Hook, Conn.

ROYAL LAUNDRY POWDER USED for starch, collars, cuffs, shirts, skirts and all starched articles can be ironed as easily as towels by using this Powder. Always leaves clothes stiff and polished, irons never stick. Is as necessary in the laundry as Baking Powder in the Kitchen. To prove its value we will mail a trial package, enough for several family washings, for 10 cts., or full size 25 cts. Silver or two-cent stamps.
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NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE YOUR TREES,

By using the ECLIPSE TREE OIL. Full directions on each can. Sure cure for Borers; does not stain or injure the tree; use spring and fall. For sale only by H. L. WOOD & CO. Dealers in all kinds of Lubricating Oils. 120 Summer St., Boston.
4w-Send for circular. 3t23

BIG OFFER To secure future trade, we will on receipt of 5 2-cent stamps and Name and Address of 4 friends, send this Elegant Tortoise shell 4 blade 4 1-2 in. Steel Knife with Toothpick and Toilet blade, or 2 for 35 cts. and 8 Names. Address

A. LOWEY, 65 Nassau St., N. Y. 4t25eow

YOUR NAME on 25 Snowflake Cards, 10c. 1 Pocket Knife, 25c. 1 Gold Ring, 25c. 1 Elegant Gold Edge Set, 15 Oblong Beveled Gold Edge Cards, 25c. 12 Elegant Transparent Cards, 25c. 25 Mixed Cards, 10c. 1 Tooth Brush, 25c. Name on Cards, 10c. 1 Fine Pencil, 10c. 1 Package Fine Note Paper, 10c. We have the largest variety of any Card House in America. Name Cards for sale by Dealers. Send for Catalogue. KUD CARD CO., 163 Eliot St., Boston, Mass.

WE WANT A Few Special Salesmen. A MONEY OUTFIT for framing pictures in the world, and thousands of pictures to be framed in every town. H. S. Wardwell, Auburn Me. 4t28

FOR SALE RUSSIAN OATS! Yield seventy bushels to the acre; weigh forty pounds. Two dollars a bushel. H. H. STURGIS, 23tf Riverside, Me.

FOR SALE, REGISTERED DURHAM HEIFER.

Two years old in June. Rich color, good size. Sire, "Duke of Oxford." Dam, "Stanza."
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NEW GOODS! IMMENSE STOCK!

Wonderful Bargains in Clothing of our own Manufacture.—The Cloths are shrunk before they are cut, and the work is warranted.

MEN'S SUITS,

$8, $10, $12, $14, $15, $16, $18, $20.

We offer two bargains in ALL WOOL SUITS AT $10.00, in medium and dark gray.—Also an ALL WOOL INDIGO BLUE CHEVOIT SUIT AT $20.00.—Color Warranted.

—EXTRA BARGAINS IN—

MEN'S PANTS.

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

—WE OFFER SOME—

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

Ages 4 to 11 Years:

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00.

Ages 10 to 14 Years.

$4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00 to $10.00.

Ages 14 to 17 Years.

$5.00, $6.00, 7.50, $10.00, $12.00.

Samples of the cloths from which any of the above goods are cut, will be sent free by mail.

CHAS. H. NASON,
The ONE-PRICE Clothier,
Manufacturer of Ready-Made Clothing.
135, 137 & 139, Water St., Augusta, Me.

HAMBLEN FARM FOR SALE!

Centrally situated in Upper Stillwater, in Oldtown, two miles from Orono and Oldtown villages, seven from Bangor, two from M. C. Railroad, and half a mile from branch track in Upper Stillwater. Has been a milk farm seventeen years. From twenty to thirty cattle kept and no hay sold. Contains one hundred acres, forty in pasture and sixty in mowing fields. Orchard of different varieties of apples and pears. Cuts seventy tons of hay.

The main house 26x28 facing the south is two stories high; granite cellar. The L. extending back 26x30, has two piazzas and a cellar. The shed 16x36 is at right angles with the L. Carriage house 20x22, and one and one half stories, attached to the shed.

Barn 40x60 with basement for cattle and dressing. L attached to barn 18x26. Living water pumped from a spring 80 rods south in front of cattle. Barn faces the east and is connected with other buildings. Good well of water ten feet from the house, also a cement cistern.

The buildings are situated on high land on the north side of the road leading from Upper Stillwater to Orono, and are surrounded by shade trees that extend on both sides of the road for a quarter of a mile or more. Enquire of

FRANK HAMBLEN,
Or CHAS. S. PEARL, Upper Stillwater.
No. 6 Kenduskeeg Bridge, Bangor. 5t23

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Timothy Goldthwait late of Manchester, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to SULLIVAN KILBRETH.
April 25, 1883. 23*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Marianna W. Brown late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to HENRY D. BROWN.
Apr. 25, 1883. 23*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Sarah A. Lee, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased

Poetry.

The Nest in the Apple Tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Blue eggs four,
And nothing more
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
I look within; but what do I see?
Four birdlings brown,
Covered o'er with down,
In the nest in the apple tree.

There's a robin's nest in the apple tree,
But no little birdlings do I see.
Their wings are grown
And they have flown
From the nest in the apple tree.

Our Story Teller.

A SCRAP OF NEWSPAPER.

Mrs. Moses Miles heaved a sigh of dreary discontent. She had been reading a story on a fragment of newspaper which the dry-goods clerk at the village store had wrapped about a roll of striped shirting that Moses had brought home early in the evening, remarking, as he tossed the bundle in her lap, that he hoped she would "cut the cloth savin', for times is hard, Sary." But times were always hard with Moses, and the caution to "cut savin'," so invariably enforced by the scantness of the pattern provided, was scarcely heeded in this instance by Mrs. Moses, who dropped the blue woolen sock she was footing, eagerly seized on the half-sheet of magical print which enveloped the coarse fabric, while her provident spouse producing from his breast-pocket a short, discolored, odorous and odious clay pipe, stuffed it affectionately from the blackish brown contents of a yellow paper, and lighting it with a pine splinter fired for that purpose, sat down with a grunt of satisfaction, and with a luxurious air of ease began filling the dingy-room with sickening exhalations.

With corresponding care and tenderness of touch, Mrs. Moses smooth out the crumbled bit of paper which the economical store-keeper had prudently utilized, and held it up to the light with a thrill of pleasure at the novelty of the situation, and the prospect of an unexpected and unusual, if somewhat slender feast. For Mrs. Moses had not set eyes on a newspaper in many a day. Moses could not afford to indulge in any such extravagance as subscribing for an article so superfluous and unprofitable as a newspaper. Certainly not, most unreasonable, unsatisfied woman! A poor workingman with a family to provide for, and times so hard! Moses waxed eloquent over a demand so clearly outrageous. But, with the curious consistency of the male animal of the Moses Miles type, he continued weekly to buy, with the utmost cheerfulness, divers ill-smelling parcels with the blackish-brown contents aforenamed, bringing them tenderly home to feed the stumpy pipe, carried sacredly in his breast pocket when not pressed between his lips, and sitting down benignly inthe cloud of unholy incense which he nightly kindled, as though smoking his wife and children were a religious duty that the conscience in him would not suffer him to neglect. If they did not appreciate the blessing, or sighed unreasonably for other enjoyments, it simply proved to his comprehensive mind the selfish and irrational quality of their natures, and he puffed serenely on.

So it was that, in a land of intellectual plenty, Mrs. Moses seized with greedy hunger on this bit of mental rubbish which had drifted in her way, devouring it with a relish not easily conceived by those whose cultured taste demand finer satisfactions. It was a story of refined cultivated life, (the opening paragraphs profanely torn off, it is true, but all the more piquant, and mysterious and charming for that), with glowing pictures of home comforts and pleasures, with thrilling glimpses of lovers' pains and blisses that softened the poor woman's eyes and quickened the blood whose currents the hard, dreary actualities of her experience had curdled at her heart,—for "all mankind love a lover," says Emerson, and the sorest driven soul has an interest in his fate. Ah, the dismal contrast between the ideal life of the story and the bare common places of her lot of poverty and toil!

And yet in her maiden dreams had she not pictured a life as fair, a companionship as sweet, gracious, tender and ennobling as ever was portrayed in the pages of romance? Was she stolid, stupid mate, with every faculty engrossed that moment in the coarse enjoyment of a sensual, selfish pleasure, the realization of her girlish ideal? Was he the fulfillment even of the promise of his youth, and of the golden days when, all in his Sunday best, with the smirk of the suitor on, he blandly went a wooing? But was she herself the embodiment of her early aspirations—the substantiation of her youthful dream of gracious and beautiful womanhood? Alas, no! and perhaps this was a more harrowing fact than all the rest, viewed with the misery of utter hopelessness, for she felt in a dreary, impotent way that there was nothing she could do now to gain the goal she had missed. One of those women, you know, who are molded by the peculiar circumstances of their lot,—who under favoring influences and with generous support are capable of becoming noble, active and useful members of the social body, but who, taking just as easily the impression of lower conditions and more ignoble surroundings, sink into mere nonentities, and drag through life with a miserable, dejected, discouraged sense of everything gone wrong, and of the utter uselessness of struggle, hope and ambition. With existence merged absolutely in that of a make-shift man, with no aims or desires beyond a state of simple animal wants or pleasures, it didn't appear to Mrs. Moses that there was any use in striving with fate, or in insisting on the claims of her more aspiring nature; and she had slouched along the thriftless, shiftless ways her lord had led, outwardly submissive, but with inward discontent, and sour, sullen dissatisfaction.

The impression of these things was vaguely felt on this evening while she set reading and regarding the fragment of paper by the light of the small kerosene lamp turned low to lessen the cost of illumination. The influence of the wonderful story was working mysteriously on her deadened brain, and she sat silent and absorbed in the cloud of reflections which this current from the outside world had blown up, heeding nothing about her until Moses, with a loud yawn, stood up, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and laying it with tender care on the shelf, told her she had better go to bed, "for wood is gettin' skurse. Sary, an' we can't afford to burn it out a settin' up for nothin' these hard times."

Whereupon, suiting the action to the word, he flung off his coat, unbuttoned his vest, cast it on his chair, and, loosening his suspenders as he went, stretched into the little 8 by 10 room at hand and tumbled himself down to the sleep of the soul content with its husks. Mrs. Moses looked after him with an expression that was not of hate, nor, most certainly, of love. It had not the intensity of either sentiment. It was simply and purely disgust, which the man was too happily constituted to feel.

Then a wild light flashed in her eyes, and, with the movement of a wild animal, she bent her head and left the imprint of her hard teeth deep on either hand. It was the action of insanity, but it brought a kind of relief. Overborne by the intensity of her desire she sank on her knees and all her soul uttered itself in longing passionate, wordless cry which God, who knows the need of souls so sorely pressed, could best interpret. Never had the dull, sullen calms of her life been so shaken up, bringing her face to face with her own spirit in the presence of the eternal. Sad though it were, experiences like this may mark the starting point of growth in spiritual life.

Thinking of it afterwards, Mrs. Moses could not tell how long she knelt in that wordless, yet passionate prayer in which all her needs seemed to utter themselves in speech clearer than her tongue had ever learned. She could recall the sound which, louder than the voice of trumpet in her heart, brought her to swift sense of pressing duty at hand; and hurrying, with feet that needed now no spurt, to the little room where her children slept, she lifted in her arms the suffering babe whose thick, husky cry and laboring breath gave warning of the approach of a danger she had often warded off in the dead watches of the night, when only the angels of affliction had witnessed her fear and trembling and shared her devoted vigils. The fire had died completely out in the dark unfriendly little stove, and the air of the room was cheerless and chilling; but with haste she threw together some of such simple remedies as she had tested on occasions of similar trouble, and wrapping her tiny patient up as warmly as she could, proceeded to kindle a fire which the meager means at command would have rendered a nearly hopeless task had not the child's renewed agony of itself cut short her efforts. The symptoms of the little sufferer were growing alarmingly worse every instant, and thoroughly alarmed, the poor woman with the gasping creature huddled closely to her bosom, hurried into the adjoining bed-room to rouse her sleeping husband. That worthy responded to her first tremulous, scared call with a prolonged snore.

"Moses, wake up; wake up and help me do something for the baby," she repeated, urging her demand with a shake of the shoulder.

"Ah—h? Oh—h! Um—me," groaned Moses, turning over and snoring more vociferously than ever.

"Moses, do wake up! Oh, Moses! Oh dear!" almost shrieked the poor mother, every nerve shocked and strained by increasing manifestations of danger.

"Eh! What say? Which? Call me—Sary? What—a-h-h—what—the matter?" mumbled the disturbed sleeper, turning over again.

"Moses! don't you hear? Baby has got another spell of croup, and you must get up and go for the doctor, or something—oh dear!" pleaded the woman in a voice that might have roused the dead.

"Eh? Yes, yes!" acquiesced Moses, rousing to a dreary sense of the situation. "Baby got croup agin? Give um goose oil—goose oil, Sary—Ah-h! hum—me! Shouldn't a woke me so sudden. Any need of me gittin' up is they? Don't be scart, Sary. No use. Dear me—anything I can do?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Moses, get up—make a fire—get a doctor! Oh, do something!"

So persistently and wildly importuned, the poor man, with an injured air, pulled himself reluctantly out of bed and, slowly drew on his pantaloons, suggesting this expedient and that for the relief of the suffering child, whose condition was growing more critical with every breath, strapping himself up with unusual care and precision, while he mildly remonstrated against the unreasonable fears of his distracted wife.

"You oughter take things more composed, Sary," he urged philosophically. "It don't do no good to get in such a flurry. Dear suz!—but the child does make a dreffal to do. Did ye say ye wanted a doctor, Sary?"

"Moses," spoke the woman with a desperate earnestness that began at last to impress her spouse with a sense of his responsibility, "if we don't get help very soon the baby will die here in my arms."

Maddened, he stumbled out of the house in quest of medical aid.

Left alone with her suffering charge, a strange peace stole over the spirit of Mrs. Moses. There was no longer any struggle. An easeful change, whose meaning she felt she knew too well, was creeping shadow-like upon the little victim, exhausted by her brief but terrible grapple with the disease springing like a wild beast on her trusting innocent sleep. The child's large upturned eyes were fixed on the mother-face with a look in them strange and far away, whose significance the mother-heart could only guess with a thrill of awe. And as if she had a feeling that this was the last hour of conscious communion between her and the babe whose coming had not made her glad, and whom she had pitied more than loved, Mrs. Moses drew the relaxing form closer to her bosom, and looking into the wide wondering eyes, prayed silent forgiveness of the blighted little soul to whom she had unwillingly granted life, denying what she had not to give—the gracious antenatal influences that make existence wholesome, strong and sweet. Mrs. Moses, sitting with her gaze fixed upon the baby's gray, pained face, grew slowly conscious of a light like that of the rising sun streaming in upon her; yet, strangely unlike the light of this world, it did not bring out the more vividly the barren dreariness of her surroundings. A kind of halo seemed gathering about the head lying still and heavy on her heart, and, as in a dream, she saw the benign, shining faces of angels hovering over the babe, felt the soft, fragrant air from their sweeping fingers as with soft unearthly touches, more tender than a mother's, they drew the fainting spirit to their close, loving care.

How long she sat under this mysterious tranquilizing spell she did not know, nor could she have believed that alone and unshaken by any storm of grief she had witnessed the death of her child.

The tread of hurrying feet outside dispelled the heavenly vision of Mrs. Moses, and with a touch like a benediction the gracious angel, holding the sleeping babe in her bosom, floated and faded from sight—floated and faded, floated and faded—until, in the dreary, hopeless days that followed, she questioned, with the faithlessness of human hearts, whether it were indeed a reality or only the illusion of an excited brain.

"So, Sary, I've fetched the doctor," said Moses, stumbling, "an' I 's'pose the baby's better, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Moses, very softly, never turning her head.

"Expected so," complained the martyred man, with a sense of injury that, after all, his cold night errand had been in vain. "You oughter be more considerate, Sary."

And with this mild reproof he turned to dismiss the doctor who wasjust rising from a survey of the child upon the mother's knee.

"Asleep, hey?" said Moses, with humorous nod and wink.

"Yes," said the doctor gravely. "She will never waken, Moses."

"Oh, gracious goodness, doctor, she ain't dead!" burst forth the startled father, rushing forward and taking the limp, lifeless form in his arms. "Poor little Bessie! Poor little baby!" And all the father's heart in him—and it was a soft, kindly heart in its way—broke out in passionate lament and self-reproach. "I can't stand it, seems to me! Oh, Sary!" And laying the unconscious bit of clay on the mother's lap he walked up and down the room with groans and cries of distress quite pitiful.

"The most unfeelin' woman that ever lived," pronounced the sympathetic sisters whom the doctor had sent in to pay the accustomed offices of the living to the dead. "Poor, dear Mr. Miles, though he does take the affliction hard, an' it's quite touchin' to hear him goin', on over the sweet, pretty corpse."

Mrs. Moses had no need of the consolation so freely offered on occasions of this kind. She had no need to be told the child was "better off"—that it had "gone where wailin' an' weepin' come no more." She felt all this, sure enough, though she questioned, with the slow uncertainty of a soul feeling blindly after the truth, if God had with purpose taken her baby from the life it had not learned to live, or whether her own ignorance or neglect of law had not untimely broken off the bud and sent it blighted into the nurturing care of Him who marks even the sparrow's fall.

It was such reflections—better say impressions—which led the tried and chastened creature in that solemn time to a steely resolution, which, for the sake of the children left, she bound her soul in solemn covenant to keep.

It came out in words on the lovely evening after the burial when, with the two little girls safe in bed, she and Moses sat down, silent and sad, with a strange sense of having been touched by an unseen hand, of having been specially signalled from the mysterious unknown world into which an atom of their life had dropped as a leaf that gives back no sound.

Yearning for solace of a familiar and substantial sort, Moses stretched out his hand to take his cherished pipe.

"Stop, Moses!" warned his wife, staying the action. "Don't stupify your thoughts to-night. I've got something to say to you."

He looked at her with a vague, troubled stare, but dropped the seeking hand.

"D'ye re'lise, Moses, what a miserable, shiftless, grobin', aimless life we're leadin'?" she questioned with an earnestness which sent an arrow of conviction through the armor of insensibility in which he was intrenched like a shell.

"I'm sure, Sary," he whined with feeble sense of injury, "I do the best I can, Sary."

"No you don't Moses! The honest man's soul in you knows better," was the unflinching response. "We're just like two shirky, shiftless old horses on a treadmill, Moses. We're pullin' back, an' hangin' stupidly by our necks, an' complainin' of our hard lot, when a little smart, cheerful steppin' up would lessen our burden, put us ahead in our work, and set us up in our own reapect if nothing better. I did use to try to stand right up to the post of duty, but you kept draggin' back and draggin' down till I got so tired and discouraged, Moses, I didn't have heart to step up any more, an' I slipped back and made believe I didn't care. But the hard grindin' of life went on, an' we had to pull up once in a while, or die, as the wheels of the days turned round. And now I've made up my mind, Moses, that I'm not going to live in this slack, slip-shod way any longer. I've made up my mind, Moses, that if we can't walk right up to the mark together without any sneakin' and shirkin' out of the honest work we have the strength to do—if we can't take right hold, brave an' bold, and make something out of our lives, an' build up a home that's something more than a place to crawl an' burrow into for protection from cold an' storm, then I shall take the little girls, Moses, an' start out by myself where I shan't feel the dreadful drag, drag of your weight on my harness."

"Oh, Sary!" burst forth Moses, with tears, looking piteously at the white, determined woman before him, "how can you be so cruel to say such things, and the poor little baby just laid in the grave?"

"It's the precious baby herself as prompts me to say what I do," said the unyielding woman, her own eyes softening with tears. "When I looked my last on little Bessie's sweet face, an' thought of the miserable life of sloth and ignorance to which she would have been raised, I couldn't find it in my heart to be anything but glad that she has escaped it all, an' then I felt what a burnin' shame it is to bring children into the world under circumstances that makes it a matter of thankagivin' when they're took out of it, an' I vowed a vow that, as I lived, I'd so change our habits an' stir up our pride an' ambition as to give us something more to look forward to an' strive for than the mere gettin', from day to day, enough to satisfy hunger an' cover nakedness. And I'm determined that the little ones left us shall have some chance in the world to make their lives pleasant an' useful, so they won't feel, when they come to years of understandin', like wishin' they'e died with little Bessie, an' like cursin' us for bringin' them into such a make-shift existence. An' what I have to say to you to-night, Moses, is—if you're ready to take right hold with me an' pull steady in the carryin, out of these new plans, then we will join hands in solemn pledge to do our level best; but if you mean to stick to the old ways I'll have to take the little girls, as I said, an' go away; for I will not live with you, Moses, and bear other children under the old conditions."

"Sary! I'm sure I'll do anything you say, Sary," responded the startled Moses, stirred and thrilled through all his sluggish blood. "I'll do anything you say."

And with the thought to pledge the new purpose, perhaps, he reached out his hand again for the sacred pipe.

"Then you'll begin by flinging that vile pipe away, and promising never to buy another ounce of tobacco," said Mrs. Moses, taking firm advantage of the situation and testing at the tenderest point the man's spirit of concession.

"You—you wouldn't rob me, Sary, of all the comfort I have?" gasped Moses, and in the agitation of the thought the blackened clay slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor.

"Put your foot on it," commanded his wife in her new capacity of captain.

And without knowing for the life of him why he did it, Moses obeyed.

"Now I shall have faith that you'll tread the bad habit under foot," cried the too sanguine woman, with an absolute smile. "When you take hold of things with real live interest an' purpose you won't think of any such comfort as that, Moses. It's a comfort that's stupefied you for a long time. I've thought sometimes it's worse than whiskey, for that does kill a man outright, at last, but this 'comfort' of yours just goes on dullin' an' deadenin' the senses till there's nothing but a mass of selfishness left. Now, Moses, swear to me you'll never smoke again. It'll go hard with you at first, but I'll help you all I can, an' never find a word of fault with you while you're strugglin' to overcome the habit. Swear Moses."

"I—I—Sary I'd ruther not", faltered the man, who knew better than she the vise-like grip of the insidious pleasure.

"Swear, Moses," insisted the wife as though the oath were the deed. Alas, mistaken woman!

"I—I'll try—I swear I'll try," compromised Moses, wiping the sweat from his face, and dropping nerveless in the chair from which he had risen to take the obligation.

"Oh, God bless and help you!" breathed Mrs. Moses, and with an impulse of gratitude that quite bore her over the barrier of reserve and indifference which had grown up in their married life, she kissed him on the forehead, blushing like a girl in the unfamiliar action, while Moses looked happily foolish.

And then they began laying plans for the future—a most unusual interest—promising themselves more genuine comfort, more tender direction of making their home more pleasant and respectable, and in amending, so far as in them lay, the unfavorable conditions which Moses himself, from a momentarily elevated standpoint, could see had a most depressing influence on the family life.

And in this hour of high resolve we may leave them, knowing well what interminable chapters of discouragements, strivings, and partial though not absolute failures—thank heaven—would have to be recorded if the story went on; yet strong in the faith that such hours are the golden points of life, raying out through lonely reaches of darkness toward the ultimate triumph certain to crown all sincere endeavor at last.

As for the story as it stands—if, in the weeks to come, it might be so distinguished as to form the fraction of a pound of waste paper honestly bought and paid for at current rates by any economical grocer and dry goods man, and, wrapped about a parcel of calico, or supposed indispensable package of saleratus, it should fall into the tired hands of some disheartened Mrs. Moses, sitting drearily of an evening with her smoking spouse before a low-burning kitchen fire—I shall be satisfied.

Young Folks' Column.

An Ice Freshet on the Aroostook.

"The river's coming over the banks like a flood, Dill, and mother can't get home to-night; that's sure. Too bad! Here she's been gone 'most a week, an' likely to stay for a week to come, an' no knowin' what'll happen. Don't see why such a hue-and-cry must be raised just 'cause Sister Nancy's got a new baby. I was a new baby myself once, an' I know I didn't kick up half such a fuss."

And Ned Scranton flourished a stout black bottle, with a cotton-flannel rag tied about the nozzle, from which he had just been giving two motherless lambs their supper at the barn.

"Why, Ned, do you think there is really any danger?" said Dilly (her real name was Fidelia), running to the window, to look out upon the angry, swollen river.

"Can't tell," replied Ned, laconically. "I'm going to get the boat up, and hitch it to the fence in the yard, anyway," he added.

"They have broken the booms, and started the drive before this time; there is such high water," said Dilly. "It's terrible to think that father must be out on the river when it's so fierce."

"Never you fear for father. He is brave, and can take care of himself," replied Ned, proudly. "But see how it's coming up the yard! Dill, I tell you, we must work sharp to keep ourselves and the poor creatures at the barn from drowning."

It was in the spring of 1863, when the ice was going out of the Aroostook. Joe Scranton had been gone nearly all winter up the river, lumbering, and, as he was athletic and active, he had been retained to help drive the logs down to the mills, which, it was expected, would take two months or more.

Mrs. Scranton had been chief manager at home during the winter, but was now called away for a few days by the advent of a new scion of the house of Scranton across the river, leaving Ned, now thirteen, in full dominion over the quadrupedal department, while Dilly, a year and a half older, reigned supreme in the kitchen, and exercised unlimited authority over little Patty and Jenny and Jimmy, aged respectively ten, eight and four. All had gone well till the storm began, and the freshet set in.

The house, which was a small, one-story structure, was close down to the river bank, and many a time the water, during the spring freshets, had risen into the yard; yet no alarm had ever been felt that it would rise above the accustomed high-water mark. The barn was beyond, on somewhat higher ground. A little depression lay between it and the house, and even now the turbid river ran quite a current through it.

The children, familiar from babyhood to the mutable freaks of the river, had never seen its rise so rapid.

"We must get out of this," cried Ned, after watching and waiting some time. "It will be into the house in an hour, at this rate, and the barn, too. What shall we do with the lambs and the calves, Dill? I'm afraid they'll all be drowned."

"But we mustn't let 'em, Ned," cried Dilly, energetically. "Come on! We can save 'em, I know."

And bidding Patty and Jenny and Jimmy stay in the kitchen, the two children sallied out into the rain, and waded to the barn, with some pieces of rope and stout string. First catching the lambs they tied their little woolly legs fast together, and carried and laid them on a low mow of soft hay, for, said kind-hearted Dilly, they would beat their poor, little, innocent heads so, if they were laid upon the hard boards, trying to get free.

Then there were the two young calves. To get them up even so high as the low mow seemed almost an impossibility. And then, too, for a long time they refused to be caught, and struggled so fiercely at being tied.

"The little idiots! They don't know anything," cried Ned, with boyish inconsistency.

"Why, they are only calves, Ned," said Dilly. "But now, for mercy sakes, are we going to get them up on the scaffold?"

"Do you s'pose we could squeeze 'em into that big barrel, Dill? They are so little, you see. Then we could roll 'em up on the ladder; set it out clear across the floor, you know."

"We can try, Ned. I don't see any other way."

So into the barrel went bossy, but not without a terrible scuffle, his legs very much curled up, and a distressed and scared-looking little bovine face thrust eagerly out from the top of the barrel. Setting the broad ladder at a very gradual incline, they began rolling the bossy, now bawling most piteously, cautiously up toward the low scaffold, each revolution of the barrel bringing his great, pleading dark eyes round toward Dilly, who managed the head end.

All went well till they got to the top of the ladder. Then, as they were about to swing the helpless victim round upon the scaffold, the barrel slipped from their grasp. Over and over it flew down the ladder, the calf going round and round with it, like a soldier in a whirligig, and brought up with an astounding bump against the side of the barn in the leanto.

For a moment, the children stood appalled. It had all happened so suddenly.

"Do you s'pose it's broke the barrel?" said Dilly.

"The barrel!" cried Ned, finding tongue. "If it hain't broke the calf's neck, it's a tough one."

And they scrambled down the ladder, with many misgivings.

But the little creature still blinked solemnly, and in the most bewildered manner, as if his brain were yet giddy from his impromptu ride.

"Up he goes again," said Ned. "And we must hurry, too."

At the end of an hour, both calves and lambs were upon the low scaffold, and securely fastened.

The water had now begun to rise about the barn. The cows were turned out of their stalls, and with the sheep were driven, though with great difficulty, out upon some higher land at quite a distance from the barn, where Ned was stationed to keep them from returning, while Dilly went to the house for the children.

But as she neared the barn, she found that the water had gained in depth wonderfully. It was going over the low sill on to the barn floor. The pigs were whining queruously in their pen in the open shed, and the gray goose swam out from her house with two addled eggs bobbing and floating after her.

The little girl began to be troubled, for the deepest part was yet to come, and the water, now full of ice, was running down in the gully very swiftly. However, she must go on for the children's sake.

Gathering her skirts in one hand, with a pole in the other she bravely felt her way along

As she cautiously advanced, it grew deeper and deeper, till, with a misstep upon a slippery stone, Dilly was swept off her feet. But only for a moment; for, brought up on the river's bank, she was no coward in the water, and grasping her pole, she set it firmly in the grassy bottom, keeping herself from being carried away by the force of the current.

Half swimming, half wading, she managed to reach the garden fence, a part of which yet stood, though every moment posts were torn up, and with the rails, went floating off down stream.

The water was now high about the house, great logs, drift and ice-cakes rushing about its corners. But where was the boat? Ned had fastened it to a post surely. Dilly's heart sank as she realized that it must have gone with the fence.

It seemed a perilous undertaking to the little girl to attempt getting to the door, though but a few yards away, and a yet more hazardous one to remain where she was. A happy thought came to her as she balanced herself upon the tottering fence, and calling to the children, who stood frightened and crying at the window, she bade them take the clothes-line and tie it about Carlo—a worthless terrier, which had till now lain snoozing in a corner—and making the other end fast in the kitchen, plunge him out into the yard.

No sooner said than done, amidst loud lamentations from little Jimmy, in whose heart Carlo reigned prime favorite. Twice the little, faint-hearted dog returned to the submerged doorsteps, and was ruthlessly beaten away by Jenny and Patty.

But at last, by persuasive calls, threats and numerous coaxings, Carlo was enticed down to the fence, and, with a thankful heart, Dilly grasped the rope, and with the aid of the pole, got up to the house, Carlo swimming after her.

Fog and darkness crept rapidly over the river, and the rain again fell heavily. The water, now running in over the kitchen floor, was still rising, and the children repaired to the chamber, supperless, with anxious forebodings.

"If mother were only here!" murmured Dilly. "Surely she would have seen the way out of this season. Ned will be half-drowned!"

And the little girl's heart swelled with a great longing, sending a sob, half-stifled, from her lips.

Jimmy was crying under the eaves in good earnest, Jenny and Patty were whimpering behind their aprons, and Carlo whining a low accompaniment, while the rain beat upon the roof, and the wild river roared and surged, sending great logs and masses of ice grazing and bumping against the house.

Two hours went by, and now, in an interval of the storm without, and within the hearts of the little ones who had succumbed to sleep—fortunately troubles cannot put to flight the somnolent old god from infant eyes—Dilly heard the calves and lambs upon the mow, bewailing their hard condition; and very soon another and a louder voice broke in upon the chorus.

One of the cows, escaping Ned, had returned in answer to the call of her lamenting calf, and was swimming round and round the barn, bellowing most dolefully.

Unselfish little Dilly fell on her knees and uttered one sentence of earnest supplication:

"Oh, Lord! keep brother Ned away from this terrible river!"

She feared he might attempt to pursue the unfortunate creature to the barn.

Hour after hour the rain fell, and the water swashed and broke about the building, when near morning a great crash came suddenly, and the house seemed almost to move from its foundation.

Dilly uttered a faint cry, and sank down unconscious among the sleeping children.

When she came to herself, dawn had broken. She peered apprehensively from the window. The rain had ceased, and the sky was filled with ragged, wild clouds.

Yes, the old house still stood on its foundation, for there was the barn just opposite, with the dove-cot in the gable, where the white doves were even now flying in and out, and lighting on the barn-roof, strutting and cooing with great pomposity.

Dilly ventured near the window, but shrank back appalled at the sight. All about and far away the broad meadows were one great lake, its surface covered with logs and ice and dashed with foam.

She trod softly over the loose chamber floor, for it seemed to her that the little house was ready to go off, too, at the least motion.

A great gurgling and rushing sound seemed to come up from the kitchen, and opening a little scuttle, through which the stove-pipe was thrust, in window and door below. Where was the stove, and the chairs, and the big round table? And what was the matter with the old clock standing in a corner? And—yes, the windows were gone entirely—not a vestige of sash or pane of glass remaining, and the river was running straight through the house, with blocks of ice grinding through the casements.

It was the ice, shivering the windows to atoms, which had so alarmed Dilly in the night. Yes, the lower part of the house was being completely washed out, and the child thanked God that it was no worse.

"But how can we get away from here? And where is Ned?" thought the girl, shuddering as the cold, damp wind swept up into her pale face.

Where was Ned?

He had looked out for Dilly and the little ones till dark, and after enduring the storm all the early part of the night, running back and forth in the darkness, trying in vain to keep the cows from going back to the barn, he at last yielded to fatigue and the cold, and crawling into a little thicket he spent the remainder of the night in shivering drowsiness.

When morning came the boy was greatly alarmed at the unparalleled height of the water. A sudden fear seized him concerning the children at the house, and he started for a neighbor—a Mr. Loring—living three-fourths of a mile down-river, for assistance. A tributary of the main river lay in his route, now swollen over its banks and its bridge gone, and the boy was obliged to go nearly two miles before finding another place of crossing.

Taking his boat, Mr. Loring rowed up to the Scrantons', keeping well out in the meadow, and brave, womanly Dilly, Jenny, Patty, and little Jimmy were taken down to his own house.

That night the ice went out from Bull's Eddy, a mile and a half below, where it had lodged, driving the water back upon the meadows, and the river, now freed from obstructions, subsided to its natural channel.

The calves and lambs were found alive, though thin from long fasting, but the cow, which had come back to the barn, had drowned, either from exhaustion or being struck by dashing timbers. The pigs were washed away, and one of them was found a short distance below the Eddy, stuck fast in the low branches of a tree, where the force of the current had lodged him.

Vegetine

JUST WHAT I NEEDED.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 4, 1870.

MR. STEVENS:
Dear Sir: I have, in the spring of the year, a faint, sinking feeling in the stomach, and this spring have been so weak that I felt the need of something. A friend who had used VEGETINE advise me to take some, I did so, and it proved to be just what I needed. It builds the whole system up, and makes one feel like a new person.
Yours respectfully,
Mrs. ELIZABETH PORTER,
126 Chestnut Street.

Rheumatism, Indigestion.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 29, 1870.

Dear Sir: I have been suffering from Rheumatism and Indigestion for over two years, and since I have commenced taking your VEGETINE I have received great benefit. I have taken but two bottles, and I think with the aid of a few more I will be restored to my health again. I can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.
Respectfully yours,
Mrs. E. J. LEWIS,
119 N. High St.

Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility.

BOSTON, Mass., May 11, 1870.

MR. JOSEPH R. GROSE:
Dear Sir: Your cordial recommendation of VEGETINE as a Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier induced me to give it a thorough trial, and I candidly admit that in my experience it is all you have claimed for it. My daughter has always been afflicted with Scrofular humor in a very severe form, and particularly in spring was badly troubled with Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility. The VEGETINE had the desired effect and we are never without it. Its successwas so apparent in this case that many of my friends and relatives have also tried it, with general satisfaction. Any further information will be cheerfully given by
Yours truly,
GEO. R. WILLIAMS,
Health Department City Hall.

VEGETINE
IS THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.
1y35

Fresh from the Pulpit.

Saints and Sinners Stirred by a Clergyman's Confession—The Facts in Full.

Eloquent writing, merely, convinces nobody. General statements and assertions are cheap. Plain words are best, and come most easily from the mouth of a witness who is conscious that he speaks truth. Let the reader judge if the following have the ring of genuine coin:

"I have long been afflicted with rheumatism, a badly disordered liver and by general debility. All my strength seemed gone. I tried a number of patent medicines without obtaining relief, but I do hereby testify to the great merits of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, since after the use of two bottles I find myself feeling well and strong again—in fact, like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it as an excellent strengthening and invigorating Tonic."

Names and dates are of supreme importance. Testimonies are readily manufactured, but the foregoing is from a letter dated St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 6, 1882, and signed by Rev. Edward Wills, founder of and ex-pastor of the University Street Baptist Church. Residence, No. 819 Spruce, this city. From the very fact of their responsible and prominent position, ministers of the Gospel are cautious about giving their signatures or influence to any proprietary medicine or advertised article. Hence the value of unsolicited testimonials like the foregoing.

Please note: First—PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not an essence of Ginger. Don't indulge that idea nor permit others to impress it upon you. It combines the choicest Jamaica Ginger with other ingredients—constituting the best Tonic known in medicine; Second.—It is pleasant to take and immediate in its action. Price, 50c. and $1—the latter the more economical. Get it of your druggist, or send for circular to HISCOX & CO., New York.

DIAMOND DYES.
ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR.
THE
Best Dyes Ever Made.
FOR SILK, WOOL, OR COTTON.
DRESSES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, YARN, STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or fancy article easily and perfectly colored to any shade. Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive Green, Terra Cotta and 80 other best colors. Warranted Fast and Durable. Each package will color one to four lbs. of goods. If you have never used Dyes try these ones. You will be delighted. Sold by druggists, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post-paid. 24 colored samples and a set of fancy cards sent for a 3c. stamp.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

GOLD and SILVER PAINT.
Bronze Paint. Artists' Black.
For gilding Fancy Baskets, Picture Frames, Lamps, Chandeliers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. Equal to any of the high priced kinds and only 10cts. a package, at the druggists, or post-paid from WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

HEART DISEASE
Is Your HEART SOUND?
Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart.
The renowned Dr. Clendinning, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease."
The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a-half, resting at day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention.
Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator and can be obtained at your druggists, $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise. (1)
F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

HEART TROUBLES
KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. Those suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated. Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

Peter Henderson's
COLLECTION OF SEEDS AND PLANTS
Embraces every desirable novelty of the season, fully described in their MANUAL of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN
which for 1883, contains PETER HENDERSON'S "Revised Instructions in Vegetable and Flower Culture," making it a condensed Gardening Book, having all the latest information known to the author of "Gardening for Profit." Mailed free on application. (Please state in what paper you saw this).
Peter Henderson & Co.,
35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.
1549

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. PLANTS, BULBS and SEEDS alone. Strong Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 8 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 13 for $2; 10 for $3; 26 for $4; 30 for $5; 75 for a 100 for $12. GIVEN AWAY, a Rose Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 80 pp. elegantly illustrated, free to all.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.
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And Medicated Cotton
Ottinder. Instant Relief for Toothache. A few applications of Medicated Cotton, well in Obtunder, placed in an aching tooth, will deaden the nerve and give permanent relief. Obtunder, Medicated Cotton and Instrument, all complete, for 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Patent Medicines, and by mail on receipt of price by
O. P. MACALASTER, D. D. S., Lynn, Mass.
26t25

Manhood Restored.
A victim of early imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, Staten Island, N.Y.
26t25

For Spring Bitters Use only U.S. Gold Bitters
Because they are the Best.
Prepared and sold at PARTRIDGE'S Drug Store, under Granite Hall. All Druggists keep them.

"Meadow King Mower."

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly,
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases, or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail women